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MODIFIED MURDER IN THE RING

To Fitzsimmons Boxing Was Life, but Carpentier Calls It an Art

RUBY ROBERT: Alias Bob Fitzsimmons. By Robert H. Davis. With an introduction by W. O. McGeehan. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

THE ART OF BOXING. By Georges Carpentier. Illustrated by photographs posed by the author. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

By ELMER DAVIS

WHAT Mr. McGeehan calls the manly art of modified murder has instigated several billion words of literature, but these epics usually bloom and die in the newspapers and rarely get between board covers. Felicitously there now drop from the same press two volumes on that theme, which can be regarded as twins only by the accident of birth. They both deal with the same field of human knowledge, but aside from that they are no more alike than "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Lulu Belle."

Robert H. Davis has set down for the record an account of one of the great figures of the prize ring, against a background which may one day be regarded as in its humble way a golden age. The 1890s are not so regarded as yet, because we men of letters who were too young to enjoy them have been getting our revenge by painting them mauve; but if you believe Bob Davis and Walt McDougall, who were alive and flourishing in that famous decade, it shaded from passionate flame-color to purest gold. Despite wasp-waist corsets and instep-length skirts, iron hats and hard collars, men and women seem to have enjoyed themselves more in that fortunate epoch than they do now.

"Club Night." From the Painting by George Bellows, N. A.

It was a simpler time—Bob Fitzsimmons got only $15,800 for winning the world's heavyweight championship, and it is a safe bet that Bob Davis got less per week for sewing up his interviews and conversation before and after the fight, acting as his secretary, and serving as chaperone to $10,000 of Mr. Hearst's money which was to reward Fitzsimmons for this abnegation, than does many a modern sports writer for merely sitting by the ringside and putting down what he sees. But of course dollars went further in those days, and so did newspaper men.

Mr. McGeehan, in his engaging introduction, refers to this history as dealing with "the days before romance left the prize ring and it became the cauliflower industry." You might also call them the days before romance left the United States and it became the home of regimented and ill-natured mediocrity; but I am not sure that either description would be wholly accurate. Notoriously, romance is and always has been something which left just before these present arrived; and it was always here yesterday and is never here now. Romance, in short, is a quality generated only in recollection; but so long as we have oldtimers to tell us that those were the days, romance can never die.

At any rate, this is a great story of a great fighter. Bob Davis, who had never seen a fight in his life, whose only qualification for the assignment was that he had been born and raised in Carson City, where Fitzsimmons was going to fight Corbett, was sent out to tie up Fitzsimmons for the Hearst papers, a job which he found required the assumption of the character of the fighter's secretary. It was a blow to his father, the Rev. George R. Davis, who went out to greet his son on his return to the old home, to be told by Fitzsimmons, "Parson, my secretary here will see that you get a good seat for the fight."

But it was also this reverend gentlemen (and if his son never writes down his complete history he will fail in his duty to American letters) who drew from Fitzsimmons the history of how he became a fighter. "A blacksmith gets tired of making horseshoes hail week and then going to church twice hevery Sunday." When the rector promised a gold-clasped prayerbook to the Sunday school boy who could recite the largest number of collects, young Fitz, who had an amazing memory, went out for it. The rector's own boy also had his eye on the prize, and when the rector saw that Fitz was beating him he adopted an expedient not unknown in the prize ring and broke up the contest. Fitz lay in wait for the rector's boy, knocked him out "and ran 'ome 'ellbent with the prayer-book," discovering that day that fighting was a business that paid better than learning the Sunday school lesson.

But it is unfair in a reviewer to retell the author's best stories, and unfair to a reviewer to write a book consisting so largely of good stories. Let these delectable anecdotes, then, remain between covers, to be viewed only by the privileged eye of the cash customer. It should be set down for history, however, that Rose Julian Fitzsimmons did not tell her husband to "hit him in the slats"; her only audible remark during the whole fight was, "Keep out of the sun, Bob." Amiably and unobtrusively Rose Julian pervades the book; its hero married four wives, but "Rose was his flame and his existence." One pauses, however, to drop a tear of sympathy for her immediate successor, who came home to a wedding reception to find that Bob insisted on turning on the lights behind an illuminated portrait of Rose that hung over the grand piano. One can see his point of view; a festivity in his house, even the reception of a new bride, was no festivity unless Rose had her part in it. Still, it was rather tough on the new bride.

There remains a band of die-hards who insist that no fighter ever hit like Fitz at his best. His best did not endure for long, but he was fighting at the age of 52, a good enough record for any man to rest on; and it is a great story of the fight with Jeffries in San Francisco, when Fitz broke his fingers one by one: "I felt them bust in my glove like pieces of chalk, and the thumb busted like a chocolate cream." Fitz was a great fighter; more, says the author, who knew him from that fight at Carson City till the day of his death, "he was a brave and honest gentleman, full of fine impulses, generous and compassionate."

Not a great boxer, some say; whereas his eldest son, Bob the second, seems to have been one of the great boxers of all time. Outside the ring he was perfect, but he couldn't take it; of the several variant accounts of that famous afternoon when his father took him out to the barn and tried him out, the one given in this book is the most entertaining. The second son, Martin, was more peacefully inclined; "all he wanted was a fair chance to make a living and a quiet place to live," but the son of a former champion had to go a long way to find that. At last he enlisted in the army, buried himself in a barracks where there were twenty-six assorted Fitzsimmonses, and found peace in the arms of Bellona.

The volume written by or for Mr. Georges Carpentier is entirely different—nowhere near so entertaining. Indeed not entertaining at all. But then its purpose was information, not entertainment; it is exactly what it professes to be, a textbook on the art of boxing, in which Mr. Carpentier has displayed notable proficiency. Unless it be regarded as tainted by occasional reminiscences from Mr. Carpentier's professional experience, it could well find a place on the shelves of a Y. M. C. A. library. The boy who wants to raise himself to be a champion will read it with absorbed technical interest and doubtless derive much of value, even though Mr. Carpentier's exposition of his art is so orthodox as to verge on the platitudinous.

From internal evidence the book would seem to have been prepared for the author's signature by an Englishman. Yet it doubtless expresses Carpentier's own views in saying that the art of boxing, pure and simple, has reached its highest point in England. Why, then, are English champions so scarce? Ah, "the ruder temperament of the American race has added in many respects a violent touch to the game." But Mr. Carpentier concludes that the French, with their (*Continued on Page 27*)

"Doctor" Gilman Tears the Heart Out of Humor

The Operation Is Extremely Gruesome and the Patient Never Comes Out of Ether

"Laughing Audience."

By William Hogarth.

A CLINIC ON THE COMIC. By Bradley Gilman. 156 pp. Nice: Printed by the author.

By CLEVELAND B. CHASE

IT is questionable who suffers more at this surgical operation, victim or onlooker. One's sympathy belongs, perhaps, with the latter, for the comic expires rapidly, if painfully, upon the doctor's first few introductory probes, but the audience must remain interminably to writhe at the gruesome spectacle of the mutilation of a helpless corpse—and it is done, of course, "in the interest of science."

Bernard Shaw is quoted as saying: "There is no more dangerous literary symptom than a temptation to write about wit and humor. It indicates the lack of both." Mr. Gilman, being a member of the Skeptics' Society, was unable to accept Shaw's unsupported testimony and has gone to the labor of providing a practical proof of the validity of that assertion. His success is as complete as it is unpremeditated.

The author, who coyly mentions the fact that he was a classmate of Theodore Roosevelt at Harvard, became interested in "the problem of the Comic" while a student under William James; and he found in it "a piquant challenge." (Woe unto those who know not when to ignore challenges!) He discovered, as he admits, that

> all the philosophers of all the past, from early Greek days down through the best minds of the most civilized nations of our own time, have been fascinated by the underlying mystery in things mirthful and ludicrous, have tried their analytical powers upon it, and have given us their explanations—or, in nearly all cases, have confessed their inability to explain.

That being the opening, the author rushed in.

To show that the elucidation of this abstruse subject is not entirely his own work, Mr. Gilman summarizes quickly the contributions of other philosophers to the study of the Comic. He tells us that Plato, Aristotle, Democritus, Thomas Hobbes, Henri Bergson and others have made some study of the subject, but of course they made no progress in their analyses because, although they had a sense of humor, they had no knowledge of physiology and psychology.

The author's first step in establishing his system is to demolish the previously accepted classifications of humor. With a fine flourish he destroys the old illusion that there is a difference between "English humor," "French humor" and "American humor." He even challenges the accuracy of the statement, "You can get a joke into a Scotsman's head only by a surgical operation." His iconoclasm knows no bounds. He would classify humor sensibly. For instance, if, on April Fool's Day, some one were to put salt in the sugar bowl (which is the example the learned author uses) such an uproariously amusing situation should not be classed under "American humor," but under "olfactory humor." One would judge by the qualities of the many illustrations of which he makes use that the author would vigorously resist the classification of humor as "good" or "not so good." (Many of his jokes seem to be taken from our apocryphal second class.)

The author's second task is to differentiate between wit and humor. He considers that this has never been done in a clear-cut, straightforward manner; consequently he has arranged the following table to give his readers a knowledge of the difference between the two:

THREE CLASSES OF WIT AND HUMOR.

1. Impersonal Comic, or wit, which involves no human being as a target.
2. Personal Comic, or wit, which hits or wounds some person.
3. Personal Comic, Humor, which carries kindliness and sympathy.

Can it be that any one will remain longer in doubt as to the difference between those two most debatable qualities?

Having disposed of such trifling complexities, this devastating philosopher proceeds to annihilate one of the most sacred of man's egotistical beliefs. Amid the trials and disappointments of life, especially when we were morbidly inclined to speculate upon the meagerness of our position in the world, we have always derived the utmost satisfaction from one fact—we can laugh. It seemed to us a matter of great pride that we belonged to the genus homo, that we alone among the animals of the world were struck with the difference between things as they are and as they should be, that we alone could laugh and weep. And now Mr. Gilman has crushed our sacred belief. He informs us that other animals laugh!

Before plunging through to this unfortunate conclusion, the author says a word about his method: "I start—as all the physical sciences start—with the observation of facts, with a conscious avowed recognition of phenomena which all men of sane mind agree upon." The first fact that Mr. Gilman observes is that hundreds of honest citizens, replying to a questionnaire that had been sent to them, declared that their pets laughed, on occasion. He treats this fact rather cautiously, as he does the fact that there are "laughing hyenas," "laughing gulls" and "laughing jackasses"; these two facts, however, are evidence. As regards the next fact, we shall quote from the text:

> We were told, in our nursery days, a delightful tale about "Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle," and about the cow jumping over the moon, and that on this exciting occasion "the little dog laughed to see such sport." Far be it from me to attach great value to this wondrous tale, diverting as it is. Neither would I disparage it. Instead I turn to the dry details of scientific research. * * *

But need we turn with him?

All of this volume, however, is not devoted to the annihilation of previous theories of the comic. The author is not satisfied to demolish the edifices reared by ancient philosophers and to erect upon the vacant sites his own Temple of Humor. He also takes compassion upon the benighted "average man." He realizes that there are many of us who, upon one occasion or another, have been unable to perceive the point of a certain joke, that we have stammered, looked at the floor and then broken into nervous, unconfident chuckles—in terror lest we be asked the point of the joke. For those of us who are occasionally beset in such a manner Mr. Gilman has provided a diagram of a typical example of the comic. By comparing the details of any story about which we may be uncertain with the dotted lines, the curves and the angles of the diagram, we should be able to determine instantly the point of the story. Unfortunately, the reviewer cannot at the moment remember a story by means of which to test the diagram, but he feels assured that no figure as complicated as this one could possibly go wrong. In part, Mr. Gilman explains the figure as follows:

> The standard or typical joke starts on the level of fact, of reality, as the listener or reader understands this. Then begins the "Lead" or Suggestive Approach, as the narrator or writer unfolds his preliminary statements. This Lead or Suggestive Approach culminates in a statement which is unreal, false, an illusion, when judged by the knowledge and experience of fact and reality on the part of the listener or reader. Instantly comes the "Point" of the joke—the perception or discovery of the unsound, fallacious character of this culminating false assertion.

There follow a number of references to A F H G D K C, &c., which are a trifle complicated for a person to whom geometry is a faded memory. They look most formidable.

That now unfashionable author, William Hazlitt, in writing on humor, once remarked: "The balking of our expectations and turning them into an unexpected channel is the essence of humor." It cannot be denied that "A Clinic on the Comic" balks our expectations, but that is humor! Mr. Gilman may have had some ideas upon the comic before he started to write this book, but by the time his words reached paper the ideas seem to have departed.

Some Peremptory Advice to Historical Pundits

HISTORY AND SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE. By Harry Elmer Barnes. 357 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

By WILLIAM MacDONALD

THIS volume, which Professor Barnes believes "will have a wider and more general appeal" than anything he has yet published, has been "put together," he tells us, "primarily in the hope that it may interest such of the general reading public as have intelligence enough to be concerned about either history or contemporary social issues and problems." The reader is warned that "both the style and content" of the book "will at time doubtless outrage the sensibilities of some of the most solemn mandarins" of the author's profession, "but those very qualities," Professor Barnes adds, "will make the book that much more interesting and valuable" to those for whom he is writing. He expects, in other words, to educate his readers by shock.

Who some of the solemn mandarins of this belligerent introduction are Professor Barnes does not leave us long in doubt, and whether or not they themselves will enjoy his attacks he has a royal good time drubbing them. The fact, however, that he has also some nice things to say about many of the number suggests that he may not, after all, think even the worst of them entirely bad. Professor Barnes is very much of an autocrat when it comes to enforcing his opinions, and enlightened despotism has always been prone to mingle kicks and kindnesses. The measure of his enlightenment, however, as even those who suffer most at his hands must admit, is not the uncompromising nature of his views or his unconventional vigor in expounding them, but rather the essential soundness of the views themselves once their substance is examined. Judged by this standard, and barring a pretty rough handling of certain of the elect and some resounding whacks at the intelligentsia generally, there is surprisingly little in the book to which the orthodox historian is likely to take exception.

It is when Professor Barnes turns theorist and passes on from severe arraignments of certain histories that have been written to exposition of the way in which he thinks the job ought to be done, that doubts and questionings begin to gather. The two propositions upon which his main thesis appears to depend do not, at first sight, seem to hang well together. The first is that history has few, if any, direct lessons for the present generation. "The fatal worship of an inadequate and archaic past," joined to reliance upon such formulas as "the tried and tested wisdom of the ages" and "other rationalized disguises of intellectual cowardice and inertia," have fastened the grip of a "dead hand" upon our time which it should be the task of "an intelligently conceived and forcefully expounded body of historical material" to break. On the other hand, "contemporary institutions and cultures can be understood and competently improved only after we have come to comprehend the prior stages of their development." In other words, the history that has no lessons to teach turns out to have some rather important ones to inculcate, provided only that we dispense with incense and halos and attend strictly to the institutional and cultural sides of things.

What this comes to, apparently, is only the scholar's demand that history shall be true. Professor Barnes sometimes gives the impression of inveighing against historical writing as a whole when he is really more concerned with destroying hero worship, perverse bias, propaganda, prejudices and taboos of various kinds, and the array of obsessions under which the past has often been viewed. He wants the truth in all its nakedness. One gathers that if he had been a son of Noah he would not have walked backward with a mantle on his shoulders when his drunken father lay uncovered in the tent, but would have dragged the patriarch into the public square in order that everybody might see and learn. Most modern historians would probably agree that if a hero becomes drunken and disheveled the facts may as well be known, but they will differ about the relative importance or usefulness of such details, and they will not all admit that, once the lesson is clear, the best way to use it is to pass it on by the hands of "the natural and social scientists," who, according to Professor Barnes, are "the chief custodians of relevant and useful knowledge in the contemporary age."

The articles and reviews already published in various places which make up a large part of the present volume exhibit Professor Barnes's critical powers at their best. No substantial exception, unless it be regarding manner, is likely to be taken to his restrained and balanced appraisal of Wells's "Outline of History," his well known discussion of World War guilt contributed to Current History or his keen dissection of the mind and work of Woodrow Wilson. Even those who disagree with him that the "Coolidge myth" is "the chief obstacle to social intelligence in the United States today" will enjoy the skill with which he gets after the President. What will probably strike the reader most forcibly, however, in view of the belligerent introduction, is the extraordinarily large number of historical writers whom Professor Barnes commends. Evidently the "new" historians whose only aim is truth and whose interest in the development of institutions and culture entitles them to regard are already a numerous contingent, and if social intelligence is not speedily emancipated it must be because the public does not read the proper books. Not many of these writers, moreover, will wince at such revelations of the seamy side of our common humanity as are offered in "The Fathers at Work, Worship and Play," or, indeed, at anything else of the kind that the historian chooses to bring forward. The lid was off so far as history is concerned before Professor Barnes began to write, and his is only one of the more accomplished of the many hands that now gaily stir the contents of the pot.

Where the historians who still dissent are likely to part company with Professor Barnes is in his implication that history must yield to sociology. Most historical scholars will probably agree that history, as such, teaches nothing of practical importance, but they will hesitate to concede that the main purpose of their studies should be to enable the social scientist to educate mankind. The most that may be hoped for, apparently, at this point is that the historian may be content to give up preaching and that the social scientist may stick close to history. Either course, even if it had to stand alone, would contribute mightily to that social emancipation for which Professor Barnes, here as elsewhere, makes so brilliant a plea.

Fifty "Outstanding Novels" of the Last Six Months

Dreiser's Monumental "An American Tragedy" Leads the List

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

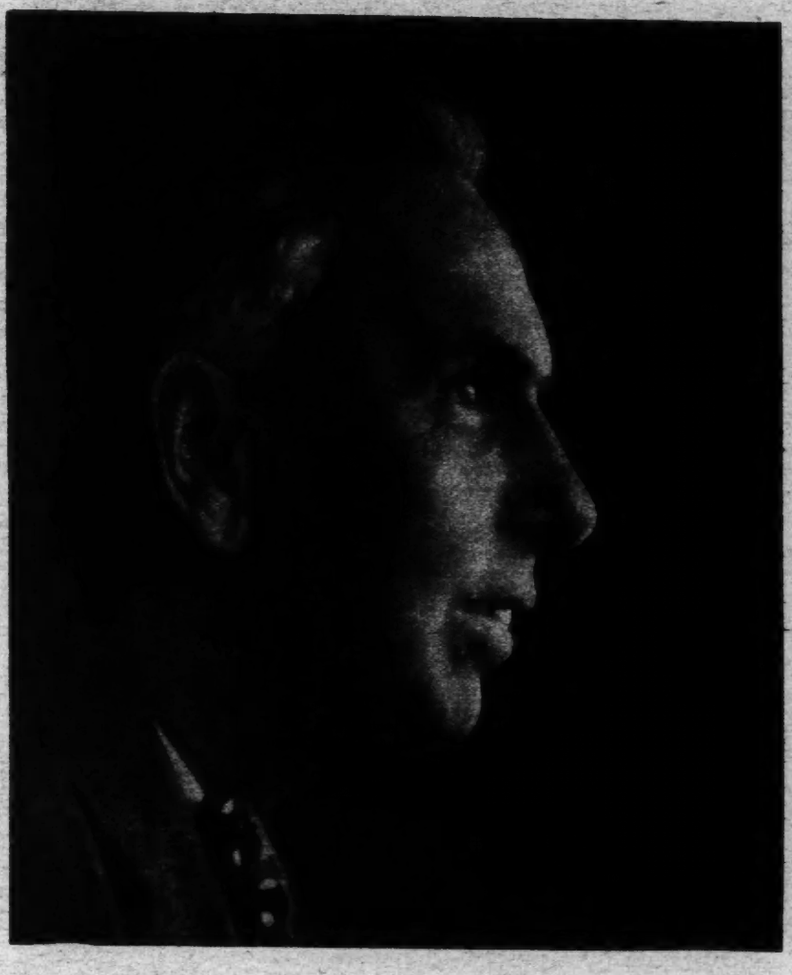
THE critic upon whom falls the task of assessing the mass of fictional literature that even so comparatively brief a period as six months produced finds himself, at the very start, faced with an initial difficulty. The great French critic, Jules Lemaitre, in an essay upon the much be-puffed "objective" school, has declared that impersonal writing, far less impersonal criticism, is an inherent impossibility, since the mere act of selection either registers a preference or humors a prejudice. No judgment passed by one critic upon as many as fifty novels will ever quite rid itself of the reproach of personal bias. Especially if it has fallen to his lot to review any large proportion of them apart, he will be forced to record many an instance where his own estimate of their outstanding value has failed to meet with support from the great public, which still remains the ultimate court of approval, and many where qualities which he may quite possibly have failed to perceive have carried some into a popularity that it would be affectation to ignore.

The classification by categories so common on the Continent will not help him very much. Schools and academies have never had much luck among Anglo-Saxon writers. The English or American novel remains, as it has always been, more or less a highly idiosyncratic, even eccentric, affair, and very much the fruit of one man's or one woman's brain. Especially today, when the fictional form is attracting many whose activities a couple of generations ago in history or belles-lettres would have exhausted the protean character of the novel in English, becomes more pronounced. Realism, often of the starkest, has invaded the historical novel, fantasy plays around the most actual and urgent of contemporary problems, a dithyrambic and elliptical writing indistinguishable from free verse is found to inform a novel from cover to cover whose theme is of the most pedestrian. Only an elaborate system of cross-indexing could pretend to produce even a fictitious order into the chaos that has overtaken the fictional form. A German professional mind might venture on it. But it is by no means clear that chaos would not be, on the whole, preferable.

Among fifty novels that seem to "outstand" from the past half year's harvest for various reasons—sheer artistic merit, size and scale of conception, repute of authors in whose progression or retrogression the public is interested—it is noticeable that a very large proportion, more than thirty, in one way or another concern themselves with contemporary life and contemporary problems. In other words, the dominant note of creative literature continues to be realistic, even naturalistic. The blight that has fallen on the historical novel shows no signs of lifting. The novel of foreign lands is best appreciated as written by foreigners themselves and in translation. The concern alike of the men who write from the vantage ground of achievement and of the reading public who make reputation remains the varying aspects, frankly examined, colorfully presented, of the American or English scene.

The novel from whose shadow there is no escape is, of course, Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Like one of those vast public buildings occasionally erected where arteries of traffic meet at the centre of a big city, one may enter and pass through or turn and pass aside. But there is no ignoring its sheer scale and bulk. Of few novels has what might be called the "skeletal construction" been so obvious. Its theme is criminal history, much of it is unabashed reporting, and it abounds in infelicities that even so faithful an admirer as Mr. Mencken deplores. The rumor that many thousand words were removed to fit it for publication, even in two volumes, lends a doubt as to its inherent anatomy. Yet it imposes and if only as documentary evidence earns its place among the books that are not soon forgotten. A trivial nature overtaken by squalid tragedy leaves fate as the real protagonist. From the moment that Clyde Griffiths, avid for ready money and all that ready money buys, escapes from the sordid evangelicalism of the paternal home, to the dreadful moment when the religion of the tribe closes its hand on him again and leads him, dazed and numb, into the lethal chamber we are assisting at what Croce has identified as the essence of tragic drama—the resistance of the universal to the personal will.

In "Pig Iron," by Charles Norris, a young man informed by ideals not essentially higher than poor Clyde's, by dint of a saving canniness "doubled" with a flair for taking a chance, wins his way through the commercial jungle of the '20s, not to the electric chair but to millionairedom. Yet Mr. Norris's epochal novel ends on a note of frustration. One sentimental essay, with a lovable little waif whom seduction casts upon the mercies of New York, goes to pieces on a clash of temperament. Wife and children grow apart and, in the final retrospect, wealth becomes gilded mockery. Mr. Norris has the ability to create character and that sense of the "tears in things" which makes true pathos.



Theodore Dreiser.

Not greatly dissimilar in theme is "It's Not Done," from the hand of Mr. William C. Bullitt, whose name, after a certain contested interview with Mr. Lloyd George some eight years ago, was a headliner on two continents. Making his text the progress toward futility of Mr. John Corsey (one had almost written Corey) of Rittenhouse Square, newspaper editor, voluptuary, and scion of one of Philadelphia's blue-blooded families, Mr. Bullitt seems to be enforcing the moral that the short-lived aristocracy of America is perishing under the weight of its own wealth, that having failed to erect any standard of success higher than material prosperity and success, it now finds itself the prey of ruder, rawer and more vital materialists.

No outstanding novel in the past half year secured more ill-tempered notices than Fannie Hurst's "Apassionata," more or less a study of money in the hands of these new barbarians. Yet, though Fannie Hurst's striking story was written in a medium almost unprecedented in its turgidity (nothing but the second person plural was used throughout) and filled with repetitions and trivialities that halted the narrative for pages at a time, the tale it had to tell atoned largely for its disfiguring neologisms. A young girl of great beauty, witness to the seamy side of domesticity in a family whose head is a tyrant and adulterer, is weaned from all idea of marriage, partly by a frank love of her own intact beauty, partly by a stubborn mysticism which is a part of her Irish heritage, and takes refuge in the veiled cloister. An element of the miraculous neither hindered nor helped the tale Miss Hurst had to tell, which earns credit by being a study of the mixed motives, slight and trivial separately, but whose union, when combined, can be stronger than destiny or death.

"Clara Barron" marked a decided advance in the writing career of that very persistent and industrious author, Mr. Harvey O'Higgins. Clara was a penetrating study in an unusual character rarely met and still more rarely appreciated—the woman with whom devotion is an instinct and whose good or ill fortune depends upon the smile or frown of the object on which it is squandered. A young Canadian girl comes to New York, breaks into well-paid journalism, and becomes the "marraine" of a clever and flighty youngster, effacing herself (with the war to help) when his very casual affections turn in the direction of a young half-sister. "Clara Barron" was bitter, as truth is bitter, but a tolerance and good humor none too common with the neo-realists abated its stringency.

In "Show Business," Thyra Samter Winslow, who two years ago wrote a brilliant satire upon the demand for surface polish by soft-grained people, took her revenge upon the mirage of Broadway. Helen Taylor of Medina, Mo., is the ugly and unappreciated duckling of a Mid-West town, who brings brains and a beauty that the sophisticated understand to New York. "Show Business" was both a depressing and a reassuring book. One closed it with a conviction that the tendency of the defensive to keep pace with the offensive, already observed in the sphere of armaments, is true of the other things as well.

It is some years ago now since the announcement of a new novel by the author of "Together" and "The Common Lot" was an event that fluttered the dovecotes in publby the author of "Together" and distanced by successors for whom his earlier novels largely blazed a way through the permissible, Mr. Robert Herrick is experiencing the common lot of pioneers. "Chimes," his latest book, is a picture, drawn with all the old art, of a little academic circle whose core is the Faculty of a mushroom university, born in a night and of a certified check. In the reactions upon one another's temper and temperament of the dilettante, the conservative, the radical, hedonist and Rotarian, we learn that love rules, not alone the court, camp and grove, but the Faculty room as well.

Marital problems of an ingenious nature were discussed in two novels, "Mated" by Wallace Irwin, and "Triumph" by John Wiley. Mr. Irwin is at least a tentative believer in the theory advanced by Marie Leneru in her famous diary, that the worst service a poor girl can do a poor young man with whom she is in love is to marry him. Lucinda, hardening her heart with the memory of domestic infelicity witnessed at home, asks nothing from her Martin save love—resists indeed all attempts to make an honest woman of her even when the hue and cry of a hidebound town is threatening the business prospects of her man. Mr. Irwin's book, like Mr. Kipling's before him, has enjoyed the remarkable device of two endings, one designed to protect the sensibilities of magazine readers. The more logical and artistic is presented us in the novel. Mr. Wiley takes the scalpel to a rather recent type, the "male beauty" whose profile decorates Fifth Avenue street fronts and who is dependent for his fleeting vogue rather sharply on continued celibacy. Jeffroy Kildare, it is true, achieves a wife who is both rich and young, but his prosperous voyage ends rather suddenly on the unsuspected reefs of a Puritan conscience.

That stock figure of satire, the "climber," continues to be the preoccupation of novelists on both sides of the water. "Tinsel" by Charles Hanson Towne, was a pleasantly didactic novel whose epilogue enforced the rather trite moral that to be Caesar in a village was better than to be one of many contenders for the bays in Rome. In "Sounding Brass," a second novel by a clever English writer, Ethel Mannin, something of the American gusto is used as seasoning to the career of James Richard, miner, messenger boy, private soldier and promoter of Premier Publicity, Ltd., who finds, in the temporary fluidity of society in post-war Britain an excellent chance to wheedle and bluff his way to executive position by the time it hardens again, very much as the ingenious fly in the fable churned the milk in which he was drowning to saving butter. The possibilities of advertising as a literary device where quick riches are indicated appear to have seized upon British novelists with the completeness of measles on South Sea Islanders. It is the vehicle by which Storm Jameson, in an extravaganza entitled "Three Kingdoms" that seems to have won American favor, first parts, then reunites a neurotic and shell-shocked husband and a wife who is a combination of lightning commercial decision and sex allure in and out of office hours.

It is at some peril to his reputation that an author, even temporarily, deserts a medium to which his fame has become attached, and it is with still greater that he returns to one which he seemed to have discarded. Critical opinion on Mr. Sinclair Lewis's "Man Trap" which came upon the novel-reading world with the suddenness always to be observed of a romance that has been running serially, was guarded and uneven. A new story from the author of "Babbitt" and "Arrowsmith" whose cover was baited with the legend "a trader, a tenderfoot and a girl," might be a satire, a mystification or the beat of a tired pinion. In the judgment of one reviewer (which has been expressed elsewhere) it was none of these things, but a very brave and timely attempt to infuse something of real psychology into that tiresome and rigid formula, the open-air love story. A triangle into whose angles are fitted a gentle and homespun philosopher of late middle-age, an over-civilized lawyer, also past his youth, and a fierce and passionate little vixen whom both men love and neither esteems, is a self-imposed challenge to the deftest and most careful of handling, and (again to one critic) the manner in which Mr. Lewis has chosen to solve his problem, leaves him, more than ever, placed as the American novelist who has the keenest insight into human motive. "Mantrap," indeed, is only secondarily a love story at all. Its inherent theme, treated with a quite Conradian intensity, is courage in man. Perhaps for this disquieting reason its echoes are not apt to be unduly prolonged.

Full, too, of a certain dark and dangerous quality, was "Feeftallow," one of two fine studies of the South that have appeared since the beginning of the year. Mr. T. S. Stribling, himself a native of Chattanooga, draws a picture of the rough Tennessee hillfolk that is a nightmare of injustice, violence and pharasaism, damned rather than redeemed by a religion to which only the darker side of the "revela-

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About Books, *More or Less:* Prose Poems

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

FOR the moment I fail to recall who recently said about what that it was "the most beautiful book in the world." It does not matter. A great many people have recently said it about a great many books and may be confidently expected to continue saying it. What I do recall about the beautiful book in question is that it turned out to be fairly hard to read. This, it may again be confidently predicted, will very frequently be the case. It has got to the point, for more than one reader I suspect, where a person approaches the "beautifully written" book like the quarry slave scourged to a magnificent dungeon, or the little boy exhorted to the medicine bottle that is sure to do him a lot of good. The beautifully written book, as a rule, is the overwritten book. One sinks into beauty ankle deep.

Why this should be so under the present code of faith and manners is not easy to explain. But, perhaps, a hint may be derived from something that was said on this page last week about dress and life. It was there suggested that a generation is not necessarily reflected in its clothes. The soul may be free in crinolines or chained in extremely short skirts. The French Revolution was prepared and launched by a generation of ruffles, elaborately powdered coiffures and the most elegant manners. On the other hand, fundamentalism today is strongest in those parts of the United States where the fashions are simplest. A great deal of American prose today is not at all in keeping with the clothes of the people who write it and the people who read it. Dress is frank, speech is frank, manners are frank, but the beautifully written book is everywhere. Devastating ideas are enveloped in ornate, perfumed, mannered, and even tortured style. It is like the newest and most powerful of TNT discharged from one of Philip II's elegantly chased and embroidered culverins. A reviewer will salute in an author the rebel, the Titan, the flaming No-Sayer, but this is the way the salute will be phrased:

> The man is an atom of unattached affection ironically attaching itself to a dead distance he can jeer at and expose.
>
> This is known as beautiful prose.

***

UNDER the circumstances the heart warms to Theodore Dreiser. His admirers have by this time given up hope that the author of "An American Tragedy" will ever learn to write. May their despair be justified. Dreiser's journalism is a welcome stretch of desert amidst the wide-stretching oases of beautiful American writing. If one must experience heavy going it is better to plow one's way through sand than through beds of roses. At least the air is not so heavy with crushed perfumes. The great areas of tedium in Dreiser are of a kind with the thin sandy areas in which much greater men than he abound; say Balzac, Tolstoy, Thackeray, Sir Walter, who have never been credited with producing beautifully written books. Dreiser could easily profit by use of the blue pencil. But there is danger, once persuaded to think on beauty of style, that he might not stop with the blue pencil. He might go in for the illuminator's paintbrush, and so succumb to the gildings and the arabesques that make the contents of a medieval manuscript a matter of no importance whatsoever.

The beautifully written book is a trial and a menace, but there is no reason for despair. We still have our newspapers. In them are the reservoirs of simple health upon which we can draw when the English language threatens to cave in under heavy doses of beauty between bound covers. What the Barbarians did for decadent Rome the daily journalese of the Babbitts is ready to perform for a civilization clotted with the cadences of the prose artists. It is good, after an hour spent with the perfect word and the lapidary phrase and the dim atmospheres and the perfumes and the Byzantinisms, to turn to the evening paper. We salute its straightforward, open-faced, deep-chested "allegeds," and "confidently predicted" and "without fear of contradictions." That succor is always open to us even if it be true that the newspaper man in his heart often yearns to give up producing journalism and go in for literature, which so often means giving up writing normal, healthy, if occasionally sloppy, English for the manufacture of beautifully wrought style.

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THE temptation to quote the atom of unattached affection ironically attaching itself to a dead distance was, of course, not to be resisted. But, while it is the sort of thing one encounters not infrequently, it is not the sort of thing I would cite as typical. The beautiful prose I have in mind is really beautiful in the sense of being carefully wrought, highly individualized, not always sliding into the eccentricities of the established "manner." Only it is my contention that with all its high merits it is too beautiful for everyday use and often too beautiful to read more than half an hour at a stretch. Since this is by way of being rank heterodoxy, one might as well go the limit and confess that there is a good deal in W. H. Hudson, and there are pages in William Beebe which tire at least one reader's mind by their excess of craftsmanship. But the most pertinent example for my purpose, since I have managed to drag the newspaper into the argument, would be an Englishman who has reinforced a long-standing reputation as one of the ablest of British journalists with a still higher reputation, as some would maintain, as one of the leading contemporary masters of English prose. The reference is to C. E. Montague of "Disenchantment," "A Hind Let Loose" and recently "Rough Justice."

Now the thing to start with in the case of Mr. Montague is to remember that for a great many years and until very recently, I believe, he was the chief editorial writer on The Manchester Guardian; and in the opinion of the present writer The Manchester Guardian editorials have long constituted some of the very, very best English that has been written anywhere. They have, as used to be said of Christy Mathewson in his prime, everything. They have force, ease, supreme clarity, eloquence, color. They assay an enormously high percentage of persuasiveness. And this they succeed in attaining by that very ease and clarity and total absence of "manner." They are prose of the very best sort, because they are straightforward and unadorned with anything but Nature's own gifts of health and simplicity.

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ASSUMING then that a great many hundred of these admirable Manchester editorials must have come from the hand of C. E. Montague, it was, for the present writer, somewhat of a disenchantment to encounter his "Disenchantment" four or five years ago. The journalist had become the prose artist. The fine freedom of newspaper writing had taken on the effort of style. Most readers will no doubt find the extra effort amply justifying itself in the following bit of picture work:

> Far off, 6,000 yards off in the shining southeast, tanks and cavalry were at work, shifting and gleaming and looking huge on the skyline of some little rumpled fold of the Santerre plateau.

Obviously, we are not dealing here with atoms ironically attaching themselves. This is not manner but English. It has color, form, clarity, and, by no means least, sanity. But ease it has not got, to my mind; not the ease of prose. There are too many commas inviting to a non-prosaic cantabile. The "shining southeast," the "little rumpled fold of the Santerre plateau"—a dazzling bit of sketch work in itself—the "shifting and gleaming and looking huge" are too exquisitely wrought for at least one prosaic consumer. And it is only fair to ask the reader to think of the quoted passage not as an isolated flash in the flow of plain narrative, but as characteristic of the whole, an honest sample of the page. No writer of prose has any business to halt the reader in his tracks for the purpose of lingering over successive beauties in the landscape. Prose is a highway and its great purpose is to keep the traveler moving on.

Such serious hesitations as one experiences in finding fault with the lovely bit I have just quoted are quite absent before a brace of sentences like the following, in which Mr. Montague the literary, craftsman seems to have parted company entirely with Mr. Montague of The Guardian editorial page:

> A sudden order might come for a brigade or other inspection, and then authority might in a brief hour become like medieval man when he fell suddenly ill and the pains of hell gat hold of his mind and he felt that God must be squared without conduct because it would take more time to conduct himself than he had got. In this pious frenzy all attention to measures for incommoding the Germans would yield to the primary duty of whiting the sepulchre.

This, I gather, means that when a bridgade inspection was announced officers and men forgot the primary business of waging war on the Germans and concentrated on the business of putting up the best possible front before the C. O. It is a fairly prosaic human idea, and really does not gain in the least by being wrapped up in a vesture of allusive cadences. Mr. Montague would never have employed that method in writing an editorial about the pernicious influence of red tape on the Somme front or about resumption of gold payments or about the oil fields in Iraq.

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IT is a method which, allowing for differences in idiom, is highly popular in contemporary ironic psychographs about dead emperors and queens and dead Presidential candidates of the late '90s. Thus, to manufacture my evidence on the spot, one would remark of Napoleon III that the morning after the Battle of Solferino "a new destiny for the peoples of Central Europe was outlined to the click of the shears in the hands of the imperial valet." One would say of Queen Victoria that having assumed the crown of India she asked her lady-in-waiting for a cup of Ceylon. One would say of William J. Bryan that passing a gentleman's furnishing store in Omaha he stepped in and bought himself "one of the black bow ties that were destined to be perpetuated in chromo on the walls of a million Filipino peasant huts." What really happened was that Napoleon III had his beard trimmed, that Queen Victoria took a cup of tea and that William J. Bryan bought himself a necktie. But somehow the ironic, incisive style manages to surround the most commonplace human functions with an aura of infinite intimations. The Victorians couldn't even buy a new necktie in a manner now to be approved of. The exigencies of style will not permit it.

The topic is an old one and the contributions to the subject here unfolded are commonplace, with possibly one exception. That is the wonder expressed above why it should be precisely in this age of sledge-hammer, destructive thinking that beautiful writing should be running riot. We insist on viewing life in the raw, but the results of our observations are set down in heavily orchestrated prose. Verdicts of extreme damnation are pronounced to the tune of muted viols. Frankness of opinion goes with mannerism of speech. Too many of our books are just plainly overwritten. Sinclair Lewis is not, and perhaps his journalistic experience will account for his fidelity to the good literary tradition. Willa Cather is not. Dreiser certainly is not. But they are not the books usually described as beautiful. When a beautiful book is recommended to your attention the chances are that it will be a rather pretty book, when it is not a grotesque book. The sentences end on dying falls amid a shower of commas. Epithets either blaze or are marked in the dictionary as obs. Purple texts invocative of dawn on the mountain tops or instinct in the germ-plasms are suddenly brought down to earth by the injection of an ultra-realistic "damn" or "hell." Out of the "elegant carpet of the prose," as one adept in the art calls it, there suddenly protrudes a particularly sore thumb of calculated he-man language. A thumb protruding out of a carpet is not metaphor, but the present paper insists on writing prose.

Joel Chandler Harris, the creator of "Uncle Remus," has been honored by Georgia, by Emory University and the Uncle Remus Association. The university has set aside a room for the preservation of his manuscripts, and his home is to be preserved as a shrine. His most famous book, "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings," is published by D. Appleton & Co. in a special gift edition and also in the regular edition.

"EVERY POTTER PRAISES HIS OWN POT"

From "Potters and Potteries of Bennington," by John Spargo.
(Houghton Mifflin Company, New York and Boston.)

Professor Barnes Tells Us Who Killed Cock Robin

He "Proves" That Germany Didn't Start the War and That M. Raymond Poincaré Did

Raymond Poincaré.

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR: An Introduction to the Problem of War Guilt. By Harry Elmer Barnes. 750 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

By R. L. DUFFUS

"THE clash of arms," said the old Roman, "drowns the voices of the law." He might have added that it puts veracity to cases in which the spokesmen for embattled nations told the whole truth, but one does not recall them. Human nature being what it is, the best of causes, as well as the worst, have enrolled their corps of liars—or, as civilized nations now prefer to call them, propagandists. The truth begins to emerge a generation or two later, when the blood and tears have been wiped away and all that remains is a legend and a debt. The World War has differed from other wars only in that its illusions bid fair to be soon dispelled. For that we have chiefly the German and Russian revolutions to thank. Revolutionists have no respect for the secrecy of archives.

As a result there is no longer any doubt that we must qualify our notions of war guilt. The simple explanation contained in Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty will hardly satisfy a scientific mind. We must look further, painful though the process may be. It is no betrayal of the heroic dead to examine the causes of the convulsion which swallowed them up. To face the truth fearlessly may be one way of making the World War, in literal fact, the war that ended war.

All this may be said in support of Professor Barnes. His book cannot be dismissed with an epithet or a sneer. He has attempted, in utter sincerity and with the zeal of a prophet calling in the wilderness, to perform a necessary task. The question which his treatise raises is not whether he should have made the attempt, but whether he has been successful. And in "The Genesis of the World War" he fails precisely in the degree that he tries to prove too much. As the present reviewer sees it the legend of William the Damned vanishes under the evidence Professor Barnes is able to produce. It is only when he endeavors to put in its place a legend of Raymond the Prince of Darkness, Edward the Trickster or Woodrow the Hypocrite that he becomes unconvincing. The outcome is not altogether happy. Professor Barnes's facts are encumbered by too much emotion and too many inferences.

Let us examine those facts which he does seem to have established beyond a reasonable doubt. The immediate cause of the war was the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, at Serajevo, on June 28, 1914. The assassins came from Serbia, used weapons and bombs furnished from Serbian arsenals, crossed the border with the connivance of Serbian frontier guards and were directed by the Chief of the Intelligence Division of the Serbian General Staff. According to the testimony of a member of the Serbian Ministry the plot was known to the Government as early as the beginning of June, yet no effective measures were taken to forestall it. After the assassination the Serbian Government made little or no attempt to arrest and punish those who had instigated it.

The Austrian Empire had long been jeopardized by the Greater Serbia movement. Greater Serbia meant, obviously, a lesser Austria-Hungary. Consequently Vienna seized the opportunity to provoke a little war by sending Serbia an unacceptable ultimatum. In this it had the explicit approval—later repented of—of the Kaiser and his Ministers. Neither Austria nor Germany desired a general war. There was no "Potsdam Conference," at which the Kaiser plotted to conquer the world. Germany was gaining more without war than any world war could probably give her—certainly more than the World War actually did give her! Her jingoists later took control. They were not in power at the time of the Serbian crisis. The Kaiser made earnest efforts to halt the Russian mobilization, which made the general conflict inevitable.

Whether the Russian Government knew of, or was responsible for, the Serbian plot is a mystery. After the crisis developed St. Petersburg was in direct touch with its French allies through the visit of President Poincaré and Foreign Minister Viviani between July 20 and July 23. It is Professor Barnes's belief that Poincaré advised the warlike measures which were taken after his departure. As early as July 24 Russian military preparations were begun. The order for general mobilization was prepared on July 29, held up by the Czar on receipt of a conciliatory telegram from the Kaiser, and actually issued on the evening of the 30th. Professor Barnes dismisses as a fiction the story repeated by Sir Edward Grey and later adopted by the Russian Government that mobilization was not ordered until receipt of a false report of German mobilization published in the Lokalanzeiger of Berlin. He accepts the assertion that the Russian mobilization, coming before German mobilization, was equivalent to a declaration of war. He does not, perhaps, attach sufficient importance to the fact that since Russia needed several more days than Germany to complete her mobilization she might have entered a plea of self-defense.

The responsibility for the Russian action was shared by Sergei Dimitrievitch Sazonov, the Foreign Minister, and Alexander Petrovitch Izvolski, Ambassador to France, who had long been in close touch with Poincaré. According to Izvolski himself, he was urged by Adolphe Messimy, French Minister of War, to encourage his Government to continue its military preparations, but to make them as secret as possible—a species of fortiter in re, suaviter in modo. Meanwhile the Kaiser, though he had given Austria her famous "blank check" to deal with Serbia as rigorously as circumstance might require, had become alarmed and was urging moderation upon her. Germany did not mobilize until forty-eight hours after the Russian mobilization order had gone out, nor until twelve hours after the German ultimatum to Russia had expired.

The mere recital of these sequences clears the German Government of immediate and over responsibility for the war. It does not, of course, prove that the military party in Germany did not desire war, nor is it at all certain that they did not foresee, earlier than Professor Barnes gives them credit for doing, the result of Austria's invasion of Serbia.

If we stopped at this point we might believe, as Professor Barnes puts it, "that there was no plan about the events of 1914, and that all 'stumbled' into war." It is perfectly possible to study his book, discount certain of the shakier portions of his testimony and still adhere to the "stumbling" theory. At least it has been possible for one reader. But Professor Barnes will not let us off with any such genial supposition. Having dry-cleaned one amirched Satanic majesty, the unfortunate Wilhelm, he gives us another, the triumphant Poincaré.

As early as 1912, he believes, Poincaré and Izvolski were heading a conspiracy to bring on a general war in order that France might recover Alsace-Lorraine and Russia take possession of the Dardanelles. To this end they bribed the French press—a memorandum of the payments made by Russia for this purpose was found in the archives of the Russian Ministry of Finance and is believed by Professor Barnes to be genuine. France refused—as part, thinks Professor Barnes, of the general conspiracy—to allow Russian loans to be floated in France until Russia had agreed to spend part of the proceeds on strategic railways aimed at the German frontier.

Poincaré, as Premier and as President, converted Sazonov into a conscious co-conspirator and Sir Edward Grey into a more or less unknowing one. His hand appears not merely in a long-continued scheme of aggression, but in some peculiarly diabolical and hypocritical acts of seeming moderation—the drafting of the superficially conciliatory Serbian reply to the Russian ultimatum, the withdrawal of French troops from the frontier on the eve of hostilities and the refusal of the French to invade Belgium. So runs Professor Barnes's argument. Poincaré ceases to be merely a chauvinistic and narrow-minded politician—which is at least a conceivable picture of him—and becomes a monster of wickedness. And at about this point he also, despite an imposing array of documentary evidence, ceases to be quite credible.

Next to him stands the sinister Izvolski, who, according to Lord Bertie, the British Ambassador, was swaggering about Paris early in August, 1914, boasting, "C'est ma guerre!" Later on he discovered that the war was nothing to be proud of and disowned its authorship. Izvolski is more reasonable that Professor Barnes's satanic Poincaré. Still, his reported acts and words do not bear the marks of extraordinary ability. He was a fool and a sneak, perhaps, but hardly a Machiavelli. In short, one of the difficulties in accepting the whole of Professor Barnes's theory is that it requires us to treat two very commonplace statesmen as supermen. If such a pair as Poincaré and Izvolski were able to upset the European applecart, was there not something fatally wrong with the European system? Are we not driven back to a more searching inquiry?

Professor Barnes's explanation of the part played by England, and especially by Sir Edward Grey, is more convincing, simply because it does revolve about human frailty and does not require a belief in a Prince of Darkness. Grey, he thinks, "was for peace in the abstract in 1914, however much he had done from 1906 to 1914 to encourage a European situation favorable to war." He was "an eminently well-meaning and generally honest man, but a naïve, ignorant, stupid and vacillating diplomat * * * afflicted by a childish fear and suspicion of Germany and an equally blind and sentimental trust in the innocence and goodness of France." Yet, if we are to believe Professor Barnes, he had so involved himself and his Government with Russia and France that the German

(Continued on Page 28)

Bennett and The Herald

WHEN JAMES GORDON BENNETT WAS CALIPH OF BAGDAD. By Albert Stevens Crockett. Illustrated. 414 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $3.

THE reader who expects to find in this book a biography or even a biographical sketch of James Gordon Bennett will be disappointed. It is the story of a man who served many years under Bennett on The Herald and was for the greater part of that time the paper's correspondent in London and Paris. In that capacity he saw rather more of his employer than did those whose duties kept them in New York, but, even so, he does not profess to have understood Bennett. Here is the author's estimate of his former chief:

> At his best, he was the grand seigneur; other times there were when the graces of the gentleman seemed to take flight. But of him it should be told that, if he had vices, they lacked the cloak wherewith have been shrouded acts that have made so many eulogies and epitaphs lie to the credulous crowd and deceive an unprotected posterity. For his personal conduct, however, the only rules were what he made himself, and on the moment; and while applause may have been sweet, he was deaf to the condemnation of other than his immediate friends. At the same time, I doubt that any two men's characterizations of him would tally in many particulars, save such as were based on hearsay. He was too many-sided; of more phases than the eight moons of Saturn. In modern times, at least, there has been none like him; the mold was broken and the age is gone that made him possible. Even in his day he robbed fiction of an almost incredible character.

It was a curious theory of the owner's [says Mr. Crockett] and put into practice, that a salaried man on The Herald was paid for working seven days a week, and it was only through the grace of its proprietor that he was given a day off. For that reason, when a man worked on his day off he could draw, not one-sixth, but one-seventh of his weekly salary in addition, and the same rule obtained if he put in a "night day." On a forty-dollar salary, a man who worked an extra day and an extra night thus received as pay not $58.33, but $51.42. That difference of $1.91 used to be credited among the victims of the practice with helping to buy coal for Bennett's yacht.

But Bennett was not always niggardly. Mr. Crockett tells a story, current in the Paris offices, of how one sub-editor received an unexpected increase in salary.

> It was the custom of the men to send out about midnight for a supply of beer. Among those who worked at the long copy-desk was a person of the most abstemious habits, and one evening, when a footstep everybody recognised sounded in the hallway outside, the empty bottles were hastily stacked on a shelf immediately above the head of the teetotaler.
>
> As Mr. Bennett entered, every pair of eyes was bent upon the "copy" on the table, and pencils worked feverishly. The Commodore paused and looked about. The row of bottles caught his gaze. He smiled.
>
> "Ah! Mr. Blank," he said, "you apparently have to buy a lot of refreshment."
>
> "Yes, sir," replied the other, timidly, not daring to utter more.
>
> "On your salary I don't see how you can afford it," went on the Commodore. "I think we shall have to increase your pay 100 francs a month."
>
> And the salary was put up.

In due time Mr. Crockett became chief London correspondent for The Herald, and during the remainder of his connection with the paper was at all times in close touch with the Commodore either personally or by cable. This intimate association with his chief did not cause Mr. Crockett to abate one jot of his admiration for Mr. Bennett but served rather to increase it, although it made him aware of those eccentricities of conduct which had hitherto been known to him only by hearsay. He warns us, however, that many of the Bennett stories are apocryphal. Those stories told in the book are such as came under his own observation or such as his own experience with the Commodore inclines him to believe. Two of the stories he tells deal with occurrences which led to the resignations of two of Mr. Bennett's right-hand men, Samuel Chamberlain and William C. Reick. Mr. Chamberlain fell into disfavor because he protested when the Commodore, while cruising in the Mediterranean, held his yacht on a course that would have brought him into collision with the flagship of the American White Squadron. Mr. Bennett, who disliked being put in the wrong, retaliated with a series of petty annoyances that drove Chamberlain to resign.

The time came when Mr. Crockett, too, lost favor with the Commodore and found that if he would retain his self-respect he must sever his connection with The Herald. But in spite of the cruel injustice that he suffered, there is but little trace of animosity in his book.

Disraeli's Classic Little Essay In Early Victorian Satire

"Ixion in Heaven" Carries Respectability to Mount Olympus

Three of John Austen's Decorations for "Ixion in Heaven."

IXION IN HEAVEN. *By Benjamin Disraeli. 72 pp. Decorated by John Austen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.*

By E. C. RICHARDS

THIS admirable edition of Disraeli's delicious little classic bears the imprint of Henry Holt & Co. of New York, but two lines on the back of the title page disclose that it was made and printed in Great Britain. Somehow, this unimportant trade fact strikes the appropriate note. It is fitting that a book which could only have been written in England should come to us in this excellent English dress.

"Ixion in Heaven" was written a little over a hundred years ago, when the future Lord Beaconsfield was casting about for a career. It followed close on the heels of "Vivian Grey," and Disraeli, who at the time was a youth in his early twenties, was undecided between literature and politics. From his father he inherited both the tradition and the example of letters, but his eager ambition, fed by an extraordinarily brilliant mind and a desire to dominate the English scene, saw in politics rather than in scholarship the will to power.

"Ixion" has been called his preface to politics, but this is a loose generalisation rather than an accurate observation. The book has no other political significance than the political significance that any social satire can be said to have. In fact, one suspects that Disraeli wrote "A Vindication of the British Constitution" to offset the disaffection caused by "Ixion" after he had definitely decided to enter active politics. Had the stolid British public been able to grasp the fact that the future Prime Minister of England was poking fun at their stuffy ideals of home, happiness and Heaven, we question very much if Disraeli would have got even so far as the House of Commons. We find "Ixion" a delightful trifle, but it must have proved a bitter pill for the more intelligent of the author's contemporaries. Victorians took their earth and their Heaven seriously, and at no time does the god of Respectability suffer satire patiently.

In the classical story of Ixion, King of Thessaly, who, when he was abandoned by his kind, was taken up by Jupiter and by him introduced into Heaven, Disraeli found all the materials ready to hand to impale the genteel tradition of aristocracy and flout the foibles of his day. We are introduced to a Heaven which only the atrocious naïveté of Victorianism could have conceived. Modern stage directors and interior decorators could not improve it. Against this background of early Victorian elegance, which is a malicious picture of a correct English gentleman's home about the year 1839 and for many years to come, he unfolds the comedy of the Thessalian King in Heaven. The gods of the classical empyrean, Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, Neptune, Hercules, &c., all "appear in person," and each displays the manners and the mind of a corresponding English prototype. These are not the gods of Greece, but British-made divinities, whose prosaic minds and correct gestures were copied from the upper classes of British society.

"I can believe anything of a man who keeps me waiting for dinner," exclaims Jupiter, playing piquette with Mercury. "Two and three make five." Jupiter is correctly whiskered and corseted in the prevailing English fashion, and he always dresses for dinner. For was he not "the most finished god in existence?" Before dinner and in his more impressive moods, when he was consciously "the glass of fashion and the mold of form" for the heads of English households, he liked to listen to Apollo's verses. But, after a magnum of maraschino, the real god emerges. "Damn your poetry, Apollo! Mercury, give us one of your good stories."

The goddesses are even more engaging than the gods. They flutter in and out of the golden palace, with its domes of pearl, its crystal windows, in the authentic robes of our great-grandmothers, bearing albums, indulging in mild flirtations, and cutting peacocks out of paper. Venus, "with a smile like Summer lightning," carries on "the easy distraction of a career without any visible result." She has a wit equal to Wilde. "Quite my idea of country life. Not a single tree." Juno is discovered "resting herself in the pavilion of Cupid, with the King of Thessaly." And then poor Ixion learns the truth of his motto: "Adventures are to the adventurous." As he plunges through space into Hades we are told: "It was a fine moral and demonstrated the usual infelicity that attends unequal connections."

This delicious satire on the religion, the mentality and the social caste of England's favored classes in the years before the Jubilee is as fresh and sparkling and as modern in feeling as if it had been written yesterday. John Austen has "decorated" the text with a series of drawings, many of them in color, all of which have caught felicitously the atmosphere of the period and the spirit of the text.

To have touched the feminine sensibilities of that rigid paragon of English rectitude and domestic religiosity, Queen Victoria, is no small tribute to Disraeli's parts. But that, after the lapse of a full century, a literary broadside like "Ixion" should continue to amuse and divert for its own sake, aside from any political or social implications, places it in the class of those perennially fresh satires, like Voltaire's "Candide," which, in attacking the pretensions and the attitudes of the moment, pierce to the very heart of the incurable sophistries and the eternal attitudinizing of the human spirit.

Michael Monahan Defends the Illustrious Dead

NEMESIS. *By Michael Monahan. 278 pp. New York: Frank-Maurice, Inc. $3.*

MICHAEL MONAHAN is one of those genial essayists whose writing is like the sun in Spring—so gentle are the rays we are but half conscious of the source of our sensation of warmth and only recognize the source when it is withdrawn. To be sure, there is another side to the matter. All the while we acknowledge the gratifying influence we are aware in our hearts that the sunlight is without vitalizing power. But it is so much better than cold that we put this feature away from us, regarding as sufficient unto the day the pleasure thereof.

Mr. Monahan has turned out a goodly list of books, among those most widely known being "An Attic Dreamer" and "The Road to Paris." The author is what our ancestors would have called "a man of parts." His pages indicate wide reading and still wider observation; backgrounds of scholarship; an interest that is intensely human, and an abundant possession of that sense of quiet humor for which those of Irish blood have ever been noted. Curiously, however, there is also in Monahan something more of acerbity than is usual with the Irish—whether due to the fact that he lives in America one would not venture to say. But with Hibernian chivalry this acid only becomes evident when Mr. Monahan is fighting for the under dog, as he frequently is. In fact, if there be an under dog anywhere Mr. Monahan will be found fighting for him, as those who pick up "Nemesis," the essayist's latest volume, will quickly discover. "Nemesis" is a collection of some twenty or more papers the first dozen of which are devoted chiefly to authors; in the remainder, grouped under the caption, "Heresies and Avowals," Mr. Monahan expresses himself on a variety of subjects. Epigrams and a poem of farewell to the author's works complete the book.

For the benefit of those who have forgotten the position of the lady Nemesis in the social registry of the gods, Mr. Monahan has prefaced his book with a brief foreword. Nemesis was not only the goddess of vengeance—in which capacity her fame has chiefly survived—but she was also charged with the guardianship of the relics and the good repute of the dead, and it is to this Mr. Monahan would call attention. Thus Nemesis stands as the complete symbol of destiny and is, as the author quaintly remarks, "Of all the greater figures of the old Greek mythology the one that has most effectually survived the Christian Dispensation." A glance at this foreword is advisable, therefore, in order that the reader will not enter the book prepossessed with the notion that the essayist is adhering solely to the Nemesis of vengeance—the popular connotation of the name; he is equally jealous of the good fame of the departed, and when the good and the bad were interminglied in life, he is at particular pains to strike the deserved balance.

With this in mind it will occasion no surprise that Mr. Monahan has, among other things, concerned himself with Byron, with the loves of Shelley, with the puzzling contradictory facts of the life of Oscar Wilde, with Sappho. And while it cannot be said that the author of "Nemesis" has contributed anything new in any of these cases—anything new, that is, in the sense of hitherto undiscovered evidence—there is a freshness in the discussion which, at the least, tends to incline one to tolerant reconsideration. Naturally, matters so little related one to another do not lend themselves to connected reviewing; but as the book makes no apology for discursiveness a reviewer need make none.

As already said, Michael Monahan makes but little pretense at originality of contribution. In the paper on the loves of Shelley (that is the title of the essay) he relies on M. Maurois's "Ariel," from which he translates freely, the book not having been done into English at the time the essay was written. "Ariel" is now pretty generally known in this country, but Monahan's summarization will be found clear and explicit and much of his comment sharply pertinent. That the author of "Nemesis" should have chosen this phase of Shelleyan interest rather than the poetry of the man is indicative—Monahan's first interest is human, esthetic interest being secondary. And when, in unconscious extenuation, as it were, of his position, Mr. Monahan says of the author of "Prometheus" and "The Cenci" that "in truth he never planned or executed a drama so dramatic as his own life," there will be few to dissent. And his ultimate judgment on Shelley is probably that of all who have endeavored disinterestedly to reconcile the opposing factors in the poet's violently variegated life.

Indeed [writes Monahan], it is very difficult to bring one's self to judge Shelley harshly or even with due severity. His unconsciousness of evil motives, his nobility of temper, his unheard-of generosity to friends, his great love of humanity and championship of the oppressed everywhere; finally, his glorious gifts and the marks of the divine so palpably upon him, if they do not wholly convince, they at least silence or weaken the voice of the moral censor.

With so marked a penchant for rushing to the rescue of the under dog—indeed, for going out of his way to find an under dog in need of rescue—there is nothing surprising in the fact that Monahan devotes two of his essays to Oscar Wilde. The first, which bears the title "A Sealed Paper" and has to do with the manuscript sealed and deposited with the British Museum, not to be opened until 1900, is a defense of Wilde against the veiled accusations of Lord Alfred Douglas.

Except in one particular the study is not interesting; Douglas's accusations seem for the most part to be a repudiation of accusation made by Wilde upon him, and the whole matter is as muddled as it is unsavory. But portions of the sealed manuscript were submitted at one of the trials, and although the press of England respected the command of the court that nothing contained therein was to be given to the public, the French newspapers, being under no such restriction, translated at will. In Monahan's translations back from the French, therefore, there may be some contribution to the controversy, although of this the present writer is not certain, as he has never familiarized himself with the personal side of the debate. Being of the school which divorces art and biography, he has been as little interested in Wilde's scandal as in Shelley's loves. The second essay, which is an attempt at an

(Continued on Page 11)

Vachel Lindsay Tramps and Sings With Some Glorious Companions

"'Going-to-the-Stars" Reveals Him as a Poet of Sun and Moon, Of Forest and of Mountain

GOING-TO-THE-STARS. By Vachel Lindsay. 102 pp. Pen-and-ink illustrations by the author. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.

By PERCY A. HUTCHISON

FOR a time people were unable to decide whether Vachel Lindsay was poet or mountebank, and the question was debated with considerable heat. But with each rereading of the published poems, and with each issue of new poems, the rout of the mountebank faction grew until it became a débâcle. To be a successful mountebank one must be something of a charlatan—and charlatan Vachel Lindsay distinctly was not.

True, he was often a roisterer with words; and even more of a roisterer with ideas. He showed himself utterly disrespectful of tradition, whether in art, in history or in politics. He wrote of nothing in the traditional way, not even of nature. In some directions he carried his revolt too far; but he was ever animated by a single purpose—to get back to bedrock principles and build clean and new and straight. Thus, if he largely eschewed traditional forms of verse it was not to attract attention to himself as an innovator, it was with the purpose of finding out whether in more simple harmonies the poet might not find a truer medium of expression. And when he set off to tramp through forest wildernesses and to clamber over continental divides, it was not because others did these things and out-of-doors had suddenly achieved a sort of popularity, but it was that he might actually purify and simplify his thinking by the closer contact with nature. Lindsay probably enjoys the sobriquet "Tramp Poet" that has attached to him; but not because it is something of a selling trade-mark. When Lindsay tramps it is with glorious companions—the sun and the moon and the stars, and the mountain winds, and the beasts, big and little, that inhabit the forest and the mountain. And he is the poet of these.

Vachel Lindsay's latest volume of verse bears the title "Going-to-the-Stars"; but to understand either the title or the poems one must take a glance backward at his volume called "Going-to-the-Sun," published three years ago. "Going-to-the-Sun" is the translation of the Indian name for one of the mountains in Glacier National Park; "Going-to-the-Stars" is Lindsay's own name for St. Mary's Lake, in the clear waters of which are reflected no fewer than nine mountain peaks. As the verses of the earlier volume were for the most part composed on a walking tour of Glacier National Park, the verses of the second book were likewise composed on a similar tour, a tramp that began and ended at St. Mary's Lake.

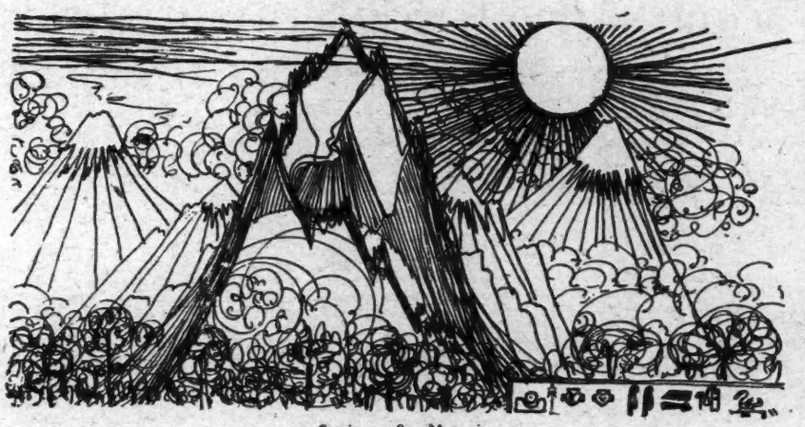
Writing of "Going-to-the-Sun" in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW for Feb. 25, 1923, the present reviewer said:

> Lindsay's reaction has nothing of the conventional about it. There is no canonization of the mountain, no apostrophe to its beauty; there is nothing realistic or photographic; and the mountain does not furnish the poet with a text. For Lindsay the mountain's beauty is an intoxicating draught; the poet becomes blinded to all common aspects of things. He becomes primal, aboriginal; and for him, as for the savage, cloud and sunshine are expressions of animate life, are spirit embodiments.

And what was true of the earlier book of poems holds true likewise for the second; although it must be admitted that there is somewhat less of cosmic flame in "Going-to-the-Stars" than swept through "Going-to-the-Sun," and the poet seems slightly less intoxicated with his draught of beauty, there is not in the later collection anything to match this:

On the mountain-peak called Going-to-the-Sun
A comet stopped to drink from a cool spring,
And like a spirit-harp began to sing
To us, then hurried on to reach the sun.
We called him "Homer's Soul" and "Milton's Wing."
The harp sound stayed, though he went on and on.
It turned to thunder when he had quite gone—
And yet was like the soft voice of the sea,
And every whispering root and blade of grass
And every tree
In the whole world; and brought thoughts of old songs
That blind men sang ten thousand years ago,
And all the springtime hearts of every nation know.

Yet if in "Going-to-the-Stars" there is not the same wide scope of the imagination that there is in this poem, there is to be found again and again the same wistful note of regret for what has passed, with joy in the beauty that is present. To seek for illustration in a poem short enough to be quoted in its entirety, this, "The Flower-Fed Buffaloes," may be used:



Sunrise on Sun Mountain.

The flower-fed buffaloes of the Spring
In the days of long ago,
Ranged where the locomotives sing,
And the prairie flowers lie low—
The tossing, blooming, perfumed grass
Is swept away by the wheat,
Wheels and wheels and wheels spin by
In the Spring that still is sweet,
But the flower-fed buffaloes of the Spring
Left us, long ago.
They gore no more, they bellow no more,
They trundle around the hills no more—
With the Blackfeet, lying low,
With the Pawnees lying low.
Lying low.

It is somewhat of a pity that poetry so good as this should not be just a little bit better. The words "lying low" are just a trifle too weak to stand the additional burden of repetition, and what is true here is also true throughout Lindsay's work, that in his love of gaining effect through repetition he takes no pains to see that his refrain (for such it may be called) is adequate to the work. One gathers the impression that Vachel Lindsay relies rather much on chance, and frequently enough that fickle goddess rewards him richly. For instance, in a long poem on Andrew Jackson his

Old, old,
Old, old
Andrew
Jackson,

is as effective as one might desire.

Not only is the poem on "Old Hickory" the longest in the book, but it is likely to command most attention and to be grouped, for originality and poetic effectiveness, with the poet's "General Booth" and "Johnny Appleseed." And here a digression should be made and the reader recommended to Lindsay's foreword to "Going-to-the-Stars." The portion of America through which the poet tramped is still, in his language, "log-cabin country."

> Log cabins [he writes] mean Nancy Hanks, and log cabins mean Andrew Jackson. • • • The log cabin so emphatically elected Jackson that his enemies and the enemies of his lackey, Van Buren, developed the "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" campaign to steal the Jackson and Van Buren thunder.

Thus Lindsay is taking a stern, backwoodsman's point of view in his "oration"—as he called the poem—on that President about whom there has been no little historical controversy.

He broke the horns
Of all cattle who horned him,
He broke the bones
Of all who scorned him.

And yet, as Vachel Lindsay sees Jackson, "he sits alone, like a stone."

Then he thinks of the time when the world was young
And Vachel was young,
When he threaded black woods without guard, without guide.
And shot without trial all who slandered and lied;
He thinks of gigantic scoundrels he hung
In West Tennessee when the nation was young.

But presently the poet strikes a more cheerful note; his oration becomes a paean:

Now the strong west wind with a loud song is singing,
Down the White House chimney the wild song is ringing—
"West Tennessee brought white horses for him,
Strong colts in relays,
white horses in line,
Each steed had more splendor, fury more fine,
War horses, king horses,
stallions divine,
Then the whole Nation brought white horses for him."

Not more than a hint of the poem's rapid change of movement has been conveyed by these short excerpts, torn from their context and widely separated one from another in the poem. But it is this rapid and incalculable change of pace, even more than anything else, which makes some of Lindsay's work seem remarkable. Not always, however, will the lines bear analysis; not always does he orchestrate, frequently he merely jazzes. There is too much work for the wind-instruments and too little for those of wood and strings. Either Vachel Lindsay is unwilling to spend time and care on his rhythms, or he falls just short of having final aptitude for the sort of poetry that he writes. Whitman, in writing poetry which outraged every tradition, made himself tradition; Lindsay neither makes tradition nor follows that which was established by Whitman. Of his "Andrew Jackson," he says in a footnote that it is to be read aloud, "as one would read a political speech from the newspaper at election time." Whether this is crowning the politician with the chaplet of bays or demoting the poet to the rank of ward heeler, the reader will have to decide.

One is accustomed to look for humor in a volume of verse by Vachel Lindsay, and "Going-to-the-Stars" is not lacking in that broadly sardonic vein which is peculiarly his own. It will be found in especial abundance in the poems "Nancy Hanks" and "A Curse for the Saxophone," but as only fragments could be quoted for lack of space, rather than do further damage to Lindsay's longer pieces the writer will turn from these humorous verses to one of the poet's short lyrics, if a word of such erudition may be used of anything so like a wildflower as "What the Crane Brought."

A wild crane came flying
With music around his head,
Not his cry,
But little cries
Of thoughts white and red,
The thoughts you have,
The thoughts I have,
That we have left unsaid.

"Going-to-the-Stars" may not be dropped without a word as to the "pictures" (as Lindsay calls them) which adorn the pages. Many of them he labels "hieroglyphics," but the word hardly expresses the delicate little designs based mainly on plants and animals which the poet has strewn with profusion throughout the book. The humor in these decorations is of quite a different sort from that found in the poems mentioned above, and cannot be conveyed in words. It is a humor vastly whimsical, and as delicate as the penpoint traceries themselves, traceries as fine as those left by a maidenhair fern that the breeze has whipped against a wet stone.

"Going-to-the-Sun" and "Going-to-the-Stars" are books quite unlike anything else in American letters. To know one without the other is to miss something, to know neither is to miss a very great deal. Lindsay has been called "the jazz poet"; but the term, although we have admitted the grounds for its coinage in our own strictures made above, is no less misleading than it is harsh. Vachel Lindsay is a rare spirit, not completely embodied—as we hope he never will be. He is a dancing sprite on the mountain tops of beauty and of poesy. And if he is a little mad it is because his head has bumped so many times against the sun and the stars.

Celestial Trees.

Three of Vachel Lindsay's Drawings for "Going-to-the-Stars."

COLLEY CIBBER AND HORACE WALPOLE

Walpole Hailed Cibber on His Birthday.—"I Am Glad Sir to See You Looking So Well." "Egad, Sir," Replied the Old Gentleman, "at 84 It Is Well for a Man That He Can Look at All."

Mr. Phillpotts Weaves Some Airy Inconsequentialities

CIRCE'S ISLAND, AND THE GIRL AND THE FAUN. By Eden Phillpotts. 238 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

BENIGNANT satire and mild persuasion inform these two novelettes which provide the latest vehicles for Mr. Phillpotts's periodic excursions into ancient Greece. It is perhaps true that Mr. Phillpotts distinguishes his stories of a fairly contemporary English countryside from his rather deliberate Greek legends by virtue of the proper names he gives his characters and the language he permits them to speak. Whether his background is a literary British shire or an equally synthetic Arcadia, his substance is apt to be infused with a strain of gently moral reflection and exhortation.

The first tale peoples the fabled ocean grove of the witch, Circe, daughter of the dawn, and immortal lady of many inveigements, with precisely the company she might be expected to keep. Her well-known habit of transforming unexpected overnight visitors into examples of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms contributes not only to her garden and menagerie but to Mr. Phillpotts's satirical intention. It appears that Circe is not unlimited in her diabolical powers. She may only transform her guests into the semblance of their essential selves. Thus, a corsair becomes a gaudily striped tiger; a fatuous schoolmaster, a kangeroo; a wily, deceiving merchant, a spider. Circe's self-justification is that she is making good tigers and monkeys and elephants of somewhat inadequate human beings. It seems reasonable.

During the course of the story, Circe entertains three visitors whose prestige or innocence or guile resists her spells. One is Odysseus, of many epithets, another is a little boy, Amphion, and the third is Amphion's great friend, a serpent named Simo. The reader owes an understanding of the workings of Circe's magic, a comprehensive view of the shortcomings of politicians, educational methods and humanity in general to the lengthy addresses of Simo. If Circe had practiced her wiles on Simo, it is probable that he would have suffered the supreme humiliation of being turned into a particularly prosy and banal human being.

Simo, however, has one gift. At will, he is able to expand his length and girth until his glittering, bead-like eyes are as huge as soup tureens, and the rest of him in proportion. He thereupon assumes the boy Amphion on his ample back and soars with him through the air, entertaining him on the way with explanations of the various sights far below, and moral observations on life, probity and Circe's disposition. The serpent takes Amphion on this personally conducted tour to recover Amphion's father, Dolius, a fisherman who has had the misfortune to be stranded on Circe's island. Circe takes a great fancy to Amphion. She has experienced many things, but never innocence before. She gives him a magic drink which permits him to hear what all the birds and beasts and flowers are saying. Simo kisses both Amphion's ears with cool, serpent lips, and thereby equips him to understand what he hears.

Amphion discovers wonders, but not the whereabouts of his translated father. He and Simo are convinced that the excellent Dolius has become a slow-moving, easy-going creature, with, probably, amphibian habits. Amphion goes about questioning various animals. They are all indignant with Circe and convinced that something should be done about it. A pompous pelican wants to organize committees and sub-committees and sub-subcommittees. The apes, formerly philosophers, continue their custom of extremely logical discourse. The real monkeys of the island are in revolt because men have been turned into their likeness.

The arrival of Odysseus has little to do with the search for Amphion's father, or with the satirical reflections on human society which Simo is making, at the rate of an entire chapter for each remark. The counselor of Ithaca, however, is an easy butt for Mr. Phillpotts's humorous observations. Simo and Amphion at length find Dolius, in the likeness of an enormous mud turtle, in a distant pond. Circe restores Dolius and the followers of Odysseus to human form at the same ceremony, which involves much dancing of unclothed nymphs and the infusion of a huge pot of an extraordinary variety and quantity of herbs and other ingredients. Dolius and Amphion are restored to the complaining wife and mother, Chloris, via the augmented back of Simo. Circe's farewell present is a priceless pearl, which is to pay for Amphion's instruction in the Athenian Art Students' League. It appears that Amphion's innocence and the favors he has received have been due to his possession of artistic talent.

"The Girl and the Faun" has an amusing device which is somewhat obscured by a somewhat trite version of the animistic interpretation of the seasons. Personifications of Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Pan, Demeter, gallop through the slender tale, giving it a background of a natural philosophy of sorts. Mr. Phillpotts occasionally gives voice to some rather searching paradoxes, as: "We cannot be said to taste the flavor of life until we know that we shall taste the flavor of death. * * * To be immortal is to be incomplete." That furnishes a sort of recurrent refrain for the story of the unrequited, hopeless love of a faun for a human shepherdess. The reflection is stated again by Pan in rather halting verses. The faun has come to his father, Pan, with a petition to be made mortal, and irresistible, so that he may win the girl Iole away from her fiancé, Glaucus. Pan tells him, in effect, that immortals must be humble before the greater mystery and wonder of humanity.

The faun, being deathless, is superior to time and space, and immune from change. Accordingly, he has neither memory nor reason, but lives in a perpetual present. Mr. Phillpotts has rather sensitively exploited this concept. He rounds off the predicament of the faun by having him fall in love all over again with the granddaughter of the shepherdess who first caught his eye. Coix is doomed to be "the slave of his eternal bondage." Mr. Phillpotts, however, will not let well enough alone. He must point his moral:

> Thus Coix shall be a very symbol and emblem of all who hope against hope for what is everlastingly hopeless; and since these unhappy wights dwell in a world without the reach of experience and beyond the winning of wisdom, for them of that sad order sealed not Pan's own myriad voices can waken the breath of comfort, or point a way to peace.

Mr. Phillpotts has a certain suave wisdom which he communicates in an imperfectly satisfying medium, a medium marred by conscious, "poeticized" language, by pedestrian moralizings, and by elaborately humorous conceits, and by rank irrelevances. The two current novelettes are no better and no worse than his customary performance.

DASHING DRAMA

THE DICE OF GOD: A Story of South Africa. By Cynthia Stockley. 321 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IT really seems too bad that a girl so exquisitely beautiful as Cynthia Stockley describes her Anne Haviland as being, with her white and rose and gold coloring, should underneath it all be such a consummate, black-hearted villain. Miss Stockley might at least have given her a few freckles or a squinting eye to lessen the reader's disappointment in her when her wickedness becomes apparent. However, one can turn for consolation to Narice Vanne, who has such beauty and wit and talent and gay good nature and camaraderie and innate goodness and sporting heart and feminine allurement as seem a little unfair to be given all to one woman. But even all these endowments, plus the love of Sir Anthony Tulloch, are, the reader fears for a long time, not going to be sufficient to save her from the machinations of the lovely but wicked Anne. For this is a swishing, dashing tale of dramatic moments, exciting incidents, tragic possibilities, emotional complications and long-drawn-out suspense.

It is scened in Northern Rhodesia, chiefly at or near the Victoria Falls, and Miss Stockley backgrounds her actions frequently with effective picturing of the beauties of the river, the Zambesi Gorge, the lunar rainbows that form one of the famous sights of the falls. There is reference also to various distinctive features of life in Rhodesia, so that as a whole the story is picturesque and colorful in its setting. Miss Stockley tells it in a "rattling on" sort of style, with much South African slang, whose meaning is not always quite clear to the American reader, as, for instance, "as worried as a turkey with a tin chicken," and "began to look rather strung." While her stories of South Africa still retain the freshness of setting with which she won attention a dozen or more years ago, and still show the story-telling faculty, so that those who read solely for the sake of the emotional reaction they get from the tale may still find them satisfactory, they have deteriorated much in literary quality and in their convincingness as mirrors of life.

UNSOLVED MURDER

THE CROOKED LIP. By Herbert Adams. 256 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

HERE is another mystery story written in a familiar pattern, but decked out with characters and incidents that aren't so hackneyed. This is Mr. Herbert Adams's second book. Readers will recall his first venture in this genre—"The Secret of Bogey House." Both of his books are entertainingly mysterious, readably written and pleasantly pass an idle hour or two.

In "The Crooked Lip" a homely background and some charming people have been added to the element of the unsolved murder. On their way to a week-end in the country, Tony Bridgmen and Jimmie Haswell meet Geoffrey Warren and his pretty daughter, Nona, in the compartment of a train bound for the toy hills of Wales. The gallant Jimmie asked Nona to accompany them to lunch. Mr. Warren urged her to, as he had already dined, and Nona accepted. Upon returning from the dining car, they discovered excitement among the passengers, and finally were informed that Warren had been strangely murdered. Nona was by this unfortunate accident left alone in England—which she was seeing for the first time—and Tony wired his wife to come on and meet them so that she might help.

At the time of the murder an odd-looking clergyman—with an unusual gift for profanity—and a young woman who had spoken to Geoffrey Warren were only the slightest clues to the sudden, inexplicable murder in such strange circumstances. Both Tony and Jimmie are moved by compassion to care for Nona, and by a distinct urge and curiosity to solve the murder. For long, though, there is little opportunity to do more than go over the papers of Mr. Warren's business and listen to the opinions of Inspector Sprule, assigned by Scotland Yard.

In the meantime, the relations of Geoffrey are discovered. A brother, James, with his son, George, turned up at the inquest. It appeared that Geoffrey had been estranged from his father for years. The brothers had seldom met. That Geoffrey, who was in the importing business, had a daughter had been unknown to brother James. Geoffrey had married a French woman and Nona had lived all her life abroad—even after her mother's and aunt's death she had continued to stay on the Continent. But other than this family quarrel the life of Geoffrey had been serene and it was difficult to understand the motives for the murder.

The pursuit of the lady with the crooked smile began the business of tracing. She was located and escaped. She was connected up with a one-armed man—a man with several names. Then the bookkeeper of Mr. Warren's firm set fire to the office and disappeared. Nona, after staying for a short time with her recently discovered Uncle James, at the invitation of the Bridgmens went to visit with them while the various clues were being exhausted in the effort to find the murderer.

Meanwhile, she had become deeply attached to the Bridgmens and they to her. Their friend, Jimmie Haswell, certainly seemed to have more than just a friendly interest and the desire to see justice done. Her cousin George proceeded to give her the big rush. For after she had gone to visit in London, he daily came to call and took her about sightseeing. Finally the crooked smile lady is found and furnishes her evidence. The odd-looking cleric is found to be a Mr. George White of a slum mission. Headway is being made, when Nona is unexpectedly kidnapped. In the chase and unmasking that follows the inevitable fight, the solution to the murder is found and all the details of the mystery are cleared up satisfactorily but not too easily. This is a likely yarn for those who care for the sort. The writing and development of the mystery have been competently set forth.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

THE EDGE OF ETERNITY. By Aida Rodman De Milt. Reader Publications.

AIDA RODMAN DE MILT'S novel is a fantastic story concerning an old but very remarkable Swiss scientist, Professor Otto Brunner-Schingli, who had discovered a drug which would produce a state of suspended animation; the very kind of drug, or so he thought, which Friar Laurence gave Juliet. He administered, with her full consent, a dose of this drug to his beautiful young granddaughter, Trudi, expecting that she, like Juliet, would awake after a reasonably short time. But Trudi slept on and on, and presently it became evident that it would be necessary to discover an antidote for the drug if her life was to be saved. This the professor did, but in order to obtain one of the most necessary ingredients he was obliged "to travel through darkest Alaska." He returned, traveling third class for some unknown reason, and on the steamer had for a roommate a young man named Ab-

bot Spencer, who was something of a chemist and to whom the Professor took a great fancy. To this young man he presently told his story and confided the secret of the little brown bottle which must always be kept on ice in order to preserve its precious contents. Moreover, he induced Abbot Spencer to promise that should he, the Professor, die during the voyage Abbot would himself journey to Switzerland and administer the drug to Trudi, still asleep there in the old house on the Ahrenberg, guarded by a faithful old woman. Unfortunately he forgot to specify the amount of the dose. But he adopted Abbot as his son before he died and was buried at sea.

So Abbot, who had come on board imagining himself a blighted and broken-hearted being because his fiancé, Brenda, had jilted him on what was to have been their wedding day, found himself with a new object in life. However, he had already found consolation in the charms of a beautiful singer, Winifred Kinsman Sandor, also traveling third class from New York to Cherbourg. Abbot had a good deal of difficulty in discovering Trudi's abode. An old acquaintance, Foster Young, with whom he had clashed, first about Brenda and then over Winifred, did all he could to hamper his venture, and at last he was obliged either to wait until the glacier gave up its dead or relinquish all hope of fulfilling his promise and saving the marvelous Trudi, with whom he was now quite desperately in love. Altogether, his troubles were many.

The novel is very long, very amateurish, and not at all interesting. The most entertaining part of it is the description of the tourist third class, which is pictured in the most uncomplimentary manner: "A very Hades of stench, heat, poor food, and crowded, odoriferous humanity."

GOLD RUSH DAYS

YELLOW HORSE. By A. M. Chisholm. 314 pp. New York: Chelsea House.

THE early mythology of any country is usually interesting, and certainly none is more so than that which centres around the fabulous days of the gold rush in the Far West of America, when every man "wore" his two guns, and bore a chivalrous heart, with more than likely a queen of clubs up his sleeve against emergencies.

This improbable, if wholly charming, figure has been revealed to us through several decades of Wild West fiction, so that there is nothing unfamiliar about him in A. M. Chisholm's new volume of tales about Yellow Horse camp, but one is gratified to learn from them that the Western bad man whom he paints has not lost his gift of pungent speech. Indeed, when Uncle Billy begins to address his mules on a bright morning after a night of celebration, one can only follow his flights of language breathlessly.

Beginning by crying general warning to a gaunt, gray mule, "I'll learn you, you heilion," Uncle Billy proceeds to interrogate sarcastically,

> You gittin' deaf? Feeling bigotty this morning, hey? Whoa, thar, you four-legged gyasticus. Bite me, would you? I'll learn you! I'll just naturally peel the hide off'n you in strips. Gorramity, mule, I'll massacree you!

Which gruesome threat he is forthwith forced to carry out, for the gaunt, gray mule is not Uncle Billy's own at all, but another and thoroughly vicious animal, which a practical joker has exchanged overnight for Uncle Billy's reliable old Rastus.

The practical joker himself is an Irishman called Fantail (much against his will), because of an incident one harrowing night when his cabin caught fire, and he escaped perilously from the flames, clad only in a shirt the tail of which was burning briskly behind him. But after Fantail had been forced to pay for the dead mule, which was the price of his joke, he got even by hiring a troupe of stranded actresses to invade the camp and claim each an erring husband among his enemies.

These few excerpts will serve to illustrate the nature and tenor of Yellow Horse life, and if the characters and incidents are altogether improbable they are none the less delightful, from the fake parson in his dusty black coat, to the unlikely Englishmen, who are impressed and frightened by the boastful bad man who describes himself as "a lone dog-wolf, a two-gun man and a killer, a man born in a rattlesnake's nest and nursed outn a six-shooter." He further adds to this catalogue that his body swells in the full of the moon, and his gums turn blue, and his bite is death.

Agreeably enough, the rules for spoofing do not require that the spoofing be in the least degree true, but only that it be amusing, which this flow of spirited anecdote certainly is. The inquests alone, which follow every case of shooting, have a flavor and a humor that is rare enough in these days of introspective fiction. Nor does the author ever allow the other fellow, whatever his provocation, to shoot the best characters entirely dead, so that they come round after a doubtful few days as active as ever. But just show him a useless Indian or a nondescript gambler and the crack of a six-shooter is instant and fatal.

BORROW IN GAELIC

TRAVELING MEN. By W. G. Dowsley. 253 pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

"TRAVELING MEN" is in the romantic tradition, kin to the old Irish novel of Lever that is so ardently espoused in our times by Donn Byrne, and to such Stevensonian fiction as "The Master of Ballantrae" and "Kidnapped." It is weakly imitative, and valuable only as an adventure story for adolescents who have not read the scores of precursors in this field of fiction.

"Traveling Men" is built on a stray sentence from Borrow's "Lavengro": "He kept very strange company when he was in Ireland." The statement concerns Captain Borrow's son, George, who, in Mr. Dowsley's excursion into reincarnation, goes to school in Ireland in the early nineteenth century, becomes enamoured of the picture and legend of the patriot Robert Emmet and is involved in wanderings and escapades that migh pass as thrilling to naïve tastes.

George, known as Shorsha to his Irish scrape-acquaintance, Murty O'Mahony, aids, through a fortuitous combination of events, in the freeing of a later Irish patriot, Phil Carty, from a sentence of death by the gallows. The story is told through the mouth of Murty, who knows a bit of Gaelic and is not averse to sprinkling his narrative with "kippeena," "saggarts" and the like, all of which necessitate a glossary that seems an affectation on the part of an author writing in English in 1926.

Young George Borrow listens to Denis O'Mahony, brother of Murty, tell the story of Emmet's capture by the Sassenach, or British Army. He hears of Emmet's trial and condemnation, and of his death speech that resembles any passage from Wendell Phillips. Given an oration uttered by William Pitt on behalf of the slaves "in the benighted continent of Africa" to repeat on Prize Day at his school, George, either through mischief or mischance, substitutes Emmet's farewell to life, and is forced to run from school to save his neck.

Accompanied by Murty O'Mahony, he meets up with the escaped Phil Carty, and the three advanture over the Emerald Isle. Carty is retaken by the Sassenach. A Judge, Toler, who pronounced sentence upon Emmet in the old days, and who laughed uproariously on Prize Day at young Borrow's defection, is called to preside at the trial of Carty. Borrow and O'Mahony arrive in time to affect the verdict. While the venerable Judge is again forgetting his high station to laugh at Borrow, Murty O'Mahony secretly alters the sentence of "Guilty" to "Not guilty," and so it is read. The verdict, although not that of the jury, stands. It is a pretty flimsy conclusion, even though, as the author points out, it is based on an actual proceding in the court history of Ireland.

None of Mr. Dowsley's characters breathe the air of Ireland; they are animated puppets, manipulated by their creator from the wings of an old, old stage.

HAWAIIAN TRIANGLE

BETWEEN FATE AND AKUAS. By Maud Kino-Ole Kinney. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. $2.

THIS is the conventional triangle story done to the tune of Hawaii. It is the conventional triangle story with most of the standardized ingredients and few besides; and the exotic setting of the book scarcely makes it more colorful or interesting, for the background itself it but lightly etches and has little if any effect upon the lives of the characters; and the narrative might have been precisely the same had the setting been New Guinea or Nova Scotia, Madagascar or Bombay.

The story is little more nor less than the old tale of the bored wife attracted by the insidious but handsome stranger. In this case the villain is a sort of literary Don Juan who seems to do things by the wholesale, for he carries on an intrigue with a native girl at the same time as he attempts to seduce the heroine. But although she suspects his perfidy, the heroine none the less allows herself to be allured, and, in defiance of her kind but sickly husband, she knowingly plays with fire and comes near to falling into the furnace—but is saved just in time by a few defiant words hurled into the face of the villain, after having been pliable and almost unbelievably weak. And so in the end this stanch speciman of womankind goes back to her doting husband.

CHAOTIC ROMANCE

THE LAUGHING HEART. By Beatrice Sheepshanks. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.

IN spite of a setting that might have proved enticing and of characters that might have been intriguing and forceful, this story is rendered so ineffective by the method of telling that it gives something of the sputtering, futile impression of a candle that strives gustily to shed a brilliant light. The background, which is the wild and desolate coast of Northern England, would seem to offer abundant opportunities for striking and picturesque effects; the characters, who possess something of the weird and sullen quality of their barren land, might conceivably be converted into figures as sinister and arresting as Emily Brontë's Heathcliff; yet the author has merely trodden lightly on the verge of her possibilities and has dismissed them impotently with a fluttering gesture or two.

The story is that of Nancy Osborne, who decides to go into exile in Northern England in order to conceal a certain irregularity in the life of her younger sister. In her new home by the bleak seashore she encounters a number of persons of unusual type, including a middle-aged cynic who takes pleasure in sneering at all things feminine, and a pathetic and half-witted woman who has long craved the affection and care she had never received. But more important—for the purposes of the story—is Nancy's meeting with young David Lambert, whom she has once seen casually in Holland, and with whom she proceeds promptly to fall in love. Having reached this agreeable point (so unusual among heroines of novels), she finds that subtle intrigues stand between herself and her lover; and how the two young people master their difficulties, and reach the most delightful of all consummations on page 293, constitutes the central theme of the book.

Even though the plot be not far from the conventional, the tale might have turned out to be somewhat above the average had the author learned the art of telling a story. But it seems as if she does everything within her power to confuse and irritate the reader. To begin with, the story is rambling and discursive almost to the point of chaos; the author jumps from point to point and from character to character with the agility of an experienced tight rope walker; and that a narrative might gain by being consecutive and coherent has presumably never occurred to her. But as if she has not done enough to discourage the reader by her disregard of all normal transitions, she has adopted a style that is annoyingly impressionistic. A few casual hints and images is all that she will offer when the full development of a situation is obviously required, and she ends a majority of her chapters by a formula that reminds one of a free verse poem. Such chapter endings as the following, for example, may be common in modern writing, but they would be more appropriate in burlesque than in serious novels:

> Judith was waiting for him at the sign-post.
> He didn't want to face Judith.
> He didn't know how to find the sign-post.
> He had forgotten all his directions.
> He didn't care.
> He left the room.

VIRILE ADVENTURE

THE CRUISE OF THE COLLEEN BAWN. By Frank Carruthers. 310 pp. New York: Chelsea House. $2.

THE cool rush of winds, the keen, salt tang of the sea, plus a certain breeziness of style make Frank Carruthers's novel, "The Cruise of the Colleen Bawn," a refreshing story of virile adventure.

The hero, Sidney Livingston, is called upon in the most critical moment of his career to decide whether he will defend, at the price of his life and of the happiness of the woman he loves, the abstract principle of defeating the malevolent efforts of a group of high-placed politicial crooks who are putting through a deal to defraud the United States Government. When he tries to ride above the mere personalities of the case he finds himself faced with a hard moral battle.

Kidnapped, bullied and driven at the muzzle of a gun to serve the purpose of these buccaneers, the desire for revenge surges up within him. But he finally knows that although he may never again see the girl he adores, he cannot give up the fight for the squaring of the long account with the man who has placed him in such a desperate situation.

Livingston, a young freight collector of a big Western railroad corporation, has a college degree in mining engineering, which profession he gives up when an irresistible urge to enter the business field grips him. It is his training as an engineer, however, which is directly responsible for all his misadventures.

Drugged in a San Francisco waterfront saloon, shanghaied aboard the sloop Colleen Bawn, there to be thrust into irons by its mysterious skipper, Captain Ignatius Loyola Lamb, it is not until he is *set* ashore on one of the Pribiloff Islands, off the Alaska coast, that he finally discovers the motive for all the strange things that have happened to him. Before that, however, he manages to make his escape in the ship's battered motor launch, in which attempt he is aided by his long-time enemy, Miles Glendish. For he and Glendish both love the same girl, Philippa Goodwin.

Glendish, an ex-railroad man who has broken all the traditions by throwing up his job and taking service under the Interstate Commerce Commission, uses his knowledge of railroad policies and practices to trap his former associates. This, added to the fact that he has been Philippa's persistent suitor for years, furnishes his double reason for defeating Livingston. The under-sized little ex-clerk, likewise shanghaied aboard the Colleen Bawn, is a wretched sailor, who suffers all the torments

(Continued on Page 19)

A Bitter Novel in the Hardy Mood

WINTER WHEAT. By Almey St. John Adcock. 320 pp. New York: George A. Doran Company. $2.50.

"LOVE," as Lottie Chastney sententiously remarks in the course of this novel, "is loike Winter wheat. Frost and snow can't wither it, and if you trample on the young shoots you only tramp 'em further into the ground, so that they come up stronger and sturdier at the first touch o' the sun."

This, then, is the theme of this unremittingly tragic story by Almey St. John Adcock, and, indeed, it is a theme and story well in the Hardy mood. One might almost call it a Hardy novel in little, so persistently does it preach the futility of human life, so poignantly portray the suffering and tragedy involved.

This portrayal is carried through a half dozen lives in a Buckinghamshire village, beginning reminiscently enough with the body of Enoch Unthank hanging dead from a tree in the spinney behind his father's cherry orchard, and running through the lives of his crippled twin brothers, his mother's strapping foster-son, and the helpless girl who once loved this enormous bully.

The girl was Nancy Fallow, and the central tragedy of the novel is her thwarted, trampled love for this foster-son, which finally centres on her own inadequate son, Christopher Pilgrim. A love deep and terrible and lasting it was, too, for all Nancy's essential weakness of character and lack of color or vitality. Nothing else in her whole make-up suggests the possibility of such a love, and yet as the book is written, one cannot doubt the reality of its existence.

What she does, of course, in fact what they all do, is to create a graven image before whom to worship. Nancy never knew and never suspected that the dream-child she cherished in her heart was vastly different from her living child; Jason's prodigious and untidy mother read her paper-backed novels through everything; Jason himself became rich and prosperous, and built himself a garish villa in his effort to realise the home with Nancy that never materialized even after years of married life.

Almey St. John Adcock.

And yet this novel is not at all in the Freudian tradition, clinging as it does to the simple symbol of Winter wheat, and never falling into the vocabulary of repressions and dream-substitutions. The man who can nowadays refuse to call love libido in print deserves at once to be proclaimed an artist, even if he is only an artist in the making.

This last Almey St. John Adcock undoubtedly is, for there is a pronounced stress and strain about the writing of "Winter Wheat" that is something of an irritant to the reader. Simile after simile miscarries completely. "Mottled teeth," "eyes like earwigs," "brows like mangey caterpillars," "tears glimming silver on his cheek in the starshine, like the track of a snail," a fat woman "who resembled a frayed and delapidated tea-cosy with the stuffing bursting out," her husband "who crawled round the place like a dying insect."

This abundance of miscegenous comparison is accompanied, as one might expect, by a good deal of stale philosophy.

"Is self-importance, after all, the mainspring of life?" asks the author in apparent seriousness. Or "David hungered to share his fairyland with Kit—as if you could ever share your fairyland with any one."

This is not to say, however, that there is not real feeling in the book, a degree of feeling that seems to outrun the author's power of expression, so that the result is artistically amateurish. And yet one cannot help being moved by the picture of the betrayed girl at night, sitting on the edge of her bed to write a last desperate letter.

Elementary forces and their sport with helpless mortals: the theme is old and bitter and true as Hardy has proved. But there are also a goodly number of other witnesses, who bring forward testimony from other lives and places. It is in this group of lesser novels of the soil that "Winter Wheat" belongs, with its rich back-country dialect to butter the literary parsnip. ISABEL BOYD.

The Kremlin, Moscow.

Trotsky in Search of a Political Compass

His "Whither Russia?" Is Damp Dynamite—Louis Fischer Discusses "Oil Imperialism"

WHITHER RUSSIA? Toward Capitalism or Socialism. By Leon Trotsky. New York: International Publishers.

OIL IMPERIALISM: The International Struggle for Petroleum. By Louis Fischer. New York: International Publishers.

By P. W. WILSON

WE have here two brief books on Bolshevism. Both these books are written by men to whom Bolshevism has been not a bogey but a gospel. Mr. Fischer deals with the particular problem of oil. And it is none other than Leon Trotsky himself who devotes the leisure of a People's Commissar to the broader task of tracing the industrial tendency of Soviet Russia.

As dynamite, floating in gasoline, these volumes are thus at once explosive and inflammable. But if kept in a cool place and handled with care, they are harmless. It is indeed not as controversy but merely as mental chemistry that the books interest us.

To be frank, the dynamite of Trotsky, once so formidable, is by now somewhat damp. A pen hitherto powerful trembles in his hand. As a supporter of the New Economic Policy or restored Capitalism in Russia, he has become a distressful Modernist fighting for his pulpit against fierce Fundamentalists like Zinovieff who still believe in a literal interpretation of the scriptures attributed to Karl Marx. His very question "Whither Russia?" means that the Soviet Republic, so far from arriving at the haven where she would be, is still uncertain at what haven she will arrive. Only in boast has Bolshevism ever been achieved, even at Moscow. And while Trotsky warns Ramsay MacDonald that if he criticizes communism he "will burn his fingers," never were any fingers more badly burned than Trotsky's own. The Czar has been killed. The banks have been abolished. Credit has been shattered. Financial obligations have been repudiated. Clergy have been executed. Marriage and divorce have been simplified. Currency has been squandered. Freedom has been suspended. Minorities have been deported to perish on the White Sea. But at the end of it all there is no Communist State and never will be. Utopia is Erewhon and Erewhon is Nowhere.

To begin with, the peasants—all of them, says Trotsky, save "an insignificant minority"—insist on private enterprise. To the colleague of Lenin himself, the idea that the peasants will accept his panacea is "inconceivable except after passing through a number of stages in technology, economy and culture." The question is not whether the peasants will join the proletariat—of this there is no chance; the question is, on the contrary, whether these unconverted sons of the soil will "shunt our entire economic revolution on the path of capitalism." And the best that Trotsky dares to hope is that "our State is far too firmly at the helm" to collapse under the pressure. Time will show. But it is evident that the firebrand of the Red Army has become today as gradual as the Webbs who belong to the despised Fabian Society in bourgeois Britain.

If we do not deal with Trotsky's statistics, it is because he himself appears to attach little value to them. "These statisticians," says he, with delightful nonchalance, "by no means work with the accurate methods that are at the disposal of the astronomer." In other words, the tables presented offer "a broad field for reservations, modifications and even scepticism." The "forms of accounting are not infrequently defective." And, in any case, Trotsky deals largely in those perilous percentages against which every student of statistics knows that he must be on his guard.

It is enough to say, then, that, according to whatever conclusions can be drawn from these figures, Russia is producing far less after years of communism than she produced when the Czardom was at its worst, while there is no evidence that the standard of life among the workers themselves has risen at all. Unless we are mistaken, the Communist spokesman is taking credit for trade returns due to cooperative societies which were in existence generations before Bolshevism was thought of—societies which are as active in capitalist countries like Britain or Germany as in Moscow itself.

We may be pardoned, then, if we turn from whatever little Trotsky has now to say to what he himself has been. If we were to suggest either to him or to Louis Fischer that he is entangled in the trammels of dogma, he would be insulted. Yet it is none the less the fact that these men who consider themselves to be emancipated from the ecclesiasticism of the churches are themselves the ordained ecclesiastics of the Commune. John Calvin himself was not more zealous than they in forcing facts to fit into formulas and crushing the unconverted into confessions of faith. The Communist carries no crozier save the hammer that hits and the sickle that cuts. But in belief he wishes to be as rigidly orthodox as a bishop. "Whither Russia?" is Trotsky's catechism. And "oil imperialism" is his disciples' creed.

For many months observers have noticed that the cult of Lenin in Russia was becoming a religion. To understand these books is impossible unless it be realized that irreligion leaves a vacuum abhorred by nature. Like Gambetta, Trotsky came to the conclusion that clericalism was the enemy. But even to him in his revolt the material was not enough. And having denounced dogmas, he has adopted isms. Accept socialism and you are saved. Prefer capitalism, and you are lost. Comrade Athanasius may be cautious over his statistics. But he is the more insistent on his formulas.

To this industrial ecclesiasticism Mr. Fischer, as an acolyte, adds the ceremonial. Oil which to the Catholic is chrism is to him yet one more ism—a kind of anti-sacrament or unholy water, sprinkled on politicians by the Machiavellian magnates of Holland and England and America—an unction that kindles the fires of the hell called war. In this inverted eucharist there is enshrined not the divine in the universe, but the deviltry. While wheat is mere food and cotton a textile, there is about oil a subtle essence which transforms it into "imperialism." Oil has became the villain of the piece and compared with gasoline in Detroit the Rheingold, which still has so bad a name in opera, is comparatively innocent.

If mystics are said to be practical there is after all a reason. Because they think clearly of the spiritual, therefore they do not confuse the spiritual with the material. But the man who denies any place to the spiritual tries to suppress that which must find an outlet even in the wrong place. Because he will not admit that hatred and malice are sins, therefore he attributes sin to Capitalism, which is no more than applied or misapplied arithmetic. And because he will not find goodness in justice and mercy, therefore he seeks goodness in Socialism, which is also no more than a system of accountancy.

These books are thus not so much wicked as woolly. Theories are treated as things and things as theories. Like the genii in the Arabian Nights, mere words leap from the ink bottle and obscure the vision. The question whether and to what extent industry shall be conducted by the State is immediate and important. Not less important is the question whether raw materials like oil shall be exploited by national or international finance. But if Socialism is to make headway against Capitalism, even in argument, it must descend from the heights of nescience and probe mere science to the depths. If Capital knows, while the Commune merely talks, Capital will win every time.

The point is not that dogma is wrong. It is only when dogma, like dust, is misplaced that it becomes dangerous to human happiness. If Torquemada tortured the bodies of heretics, it was because he wished sincerely to save the heretic soul. He muddled up two worlds. And that is the muddle in Trotsky's mind. Arguing precisely as Torquemada argued, the Communist holds that it is better to starve as a Socialist than to be prosperous under private enterprise. The question for the faithful is not whether you wear clothes that fit but whether your tailor is bourgeois or proletarian. Similarly, to Mr. Fischer, oil itself is good or evil not according to its quality but according to its spiritual origin. If produced by Mr. Rockefeller or Sir Henri Deterding, it is a lure to imperialism. But if the Commune supplies it from the Caucasus, it is entirely harmless. Indeed, the fact that Caucasian oil has usually been confiscated by the Commune acts as a kind of consecration.

That oil has influenced diplomacy—and not only at the Genoa conference—is a fact of history. All diplomacy must be influenced more or less by all commerce. But the trouble with Russian oil was not diplomatic; it was ethical. When Russia went into revolution certain companies were carrying on the entirely legitimate task of producing oil at Baku and elsewhere in those regions. If Mr. Fischer happened to need it, he would have purchased that oil for his automobile without a moment of hesitation. The Soviet republic canceled these concessions and seized the properties involved. Either that act was legitimate or it was illegitimate. It is not an issue between Socialism and Capitalism. It is an issue to be determined by what value we attach to honesty. Having confiscated the oil wells, the Soviet republic found that it had not the knowledge to work them. And it proposed, therefore, to sell the concerns a second time, not to Socialist management but to private enterprise. That there were intrigues and scrambles among prospectors, past, present and future, was not only true; it was inevitable. The double dealing of the Soviet republic was scarcely conducive to straight dealing elsewhere.

Meditations of a Professor

AS I LIKE IT. Third Series. By William Lyon Phelps. 300 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

THIS present volume of Professor Phelps's opinions and anecdotes upon life, letters and art is like the two previous volumes of this series, a causerie of miscellany culled from his monthly department in Scribner's Magazine. They represent his expansive interests, acquaintances and travel. It would seem that almost every subject under the sun had been the recipient of some comment. In these comments Professor Phelps continues his vogue of the popularizer, for his remarks in general are those of approval, and they move back and forth from the past to the present and return with startling rapidity.

Professor Phelps has an anecdote about everybody in the public eye, from Jackie Coogan to the latest writer to win distinction. In the turning of a few pages is revealed a variety of such extent as a discussion of the editing of an Elizabethan dramatist, Ty Cobb, Metcalfe as the best theatre critic in New York, Fords, a defense of Main Street, the funeral of Anatole France, Sweden as a model country, the story of Browning's great sorrow, the nervousness of Henry Arthur James at a first night, the piece of bread he threw at Shaw, the source of the word "roughneck," elements of Christianity, the performance of Aristophanes's "Frogs" in New Haven, and all the well-known people that he has met and what they said.

On some of the more recent books he has decided opinions. He considers the publication of Conrad's last novel a mistake. "It was evidently written by a man both weary and sick; it is heavy, labored and tedious." Perhaps, oddly enough, he finds that H. G. Wells has reverted to his former mode of character creation—so excellently to be found in "Tono-Bungay"—in his more recent "Christina Alberta's Father." Then, Floyd Dell's "Runaway" is delightful, while "Moon-Calf" bored him. But he wishes that Hugh Walpole hadn't written "Portrait of a Man With Red Hair".

Among other interesting and out-of-the-ordinary points of view is his belief that the pornography of the Restoration comedies is un-English. He also relates how Congreve refused to retract the validity of his plays, remarking that the English climate was so bad it needed something vigorous to divert the public mind. Doubtless, too, many will find piquancy in his statement that Shaw is a greater wit than those of the seventeenth-century comedy.

Something like violent disagreement upon the excellence to be found in contemporary English literature will meet his claim that it is infinitely superior to that of America. He accounts for this partly on the grounds of an old-established tradition and the small size of the country that produces closer contact with the best minds. Just why the printed page isn't effective over wider areas isn't explained. In the matter of the novel it would seem that Lewis, Willa Cather, Cabell, Anderson, Dreiser, Wharton and Hergesheimer are quite an equal match for Galsworthy, Wells, Walpole, Bennett, St. John Ervine, Sheila Kaye-Smith, May Sinclair and Chesterton. As for the dramatists, in the past, as nowadays, the majority of competent English dramatists have been Irishmen that moved to London. But it remains for Professor Phelps in his casual remarks to provoke such observations.

Red Troops Marching in Triumph Through Moscow.

(Keystone View Photo.)

A Remedy for What Ails Our Singing

Archibald Davison Deplores "Sight Reading," "Musical Lethargy" and the "Community Sing"

MUSIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA. By Archibald Davison. 208 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers. $5.

By RICHARD ALDRICH

FROM the subtitle of this book it appears that something is wrong with musical education in America and that Professor Davison has some remedy to propose. Thousands of people are teaching music; immense sums are spent on music in schools and colleges; large and powerful organizations of supervisors meet and discuss methods of instruction. Yet the American people grow musical much more slowly than the outlay of energy, time and money would warrant. The cause is a lack of a logical and continuous plan of education based on the highest standards. So Mr. Davison declares in his preface; and his book is a detailed analysis of the lack and suggestions for its remedy.

Mr. Davison is Associate Professor of Music in Harvard College, and has made his name best known, perhaps, by his success in turning the Harvard Glee Club from the traditional singing of poor and foolish music to the singing of good music. His thesis in this book is that good music is the thing that counts; actual contact with it, familiarity with it, love of it for its own sake; and that everything should be directed to this end from the beginning. Children from their earliest days should sing; and singing and listening should be the main objects of musical study, supplemented later by a knowledge of forms and styles. He writes energetically and with strong conviction; obviously, also, with a fund of knowledge and experience. Whether or not all will agree with everything that he advances—and probably all will not—what he says is interesting and stimulating, and hence will be valuable.

We in America are much too prone to let the other fellow do it, in music. Often enough it has been pointed out how music in the home is dwindling. We do not like to play or sing unless we do it like professionals. And this tendency is encouraged by increasing dependence on the gramophone, pianola and radio. There is also the increasing demand made on the time of such children as intend to pass college entrance examinations. We estimate excellence too much by size, as in massed school orchestras and choruses of a thousand community singers. An instance of the substitution of the mass for the union of small and efficiently trained groups was found in the war when the Government undertook to train soldiers to sing, when all was not accomplished that might have been. Still more important, a wiser ordering of the program would have had a permanent influence for an abiding love of music. Nor is Mr. Davison at a loss for examples of how good music took a greater hold on the men than the thin and poor stuff that was too much used. The desire for speed is another injury to our musical education. We believe that with our national quickness and cleverness we can leave out steps and eliminate processes and still arrive at a full measure of education. Our persistent ignoring of the experience of other nations has deceived us into thinking that we may devise our own exclusive tradition of musical teaching; and not with beneficial results.

Our failure is indicated by the fact that we have neither the desire to take part in the making of good music nor a real appreciation of it; by the "abysmally melancholy" spectacle of our church music and the failure of our school music to interest and delight. Mr. Davison has much criticism of the methods of school music, and deplores the fact that there is not enough knowledge among supervisors and teachers, and that the time given, meagre as it is, is not profitably employed.

He is no friend of the teaching of "sight reading," which he says has become a fetish. He justifies his position by the fact that in spite of the labor and time devoted to it, few children actually become real sight readers. He believes that the stress laid on this matter is responsible for much of the "musical lethargy" which grips us. He believes, and reiterates his belief through the book, that it would be much better to extend the period of rote singing beyond its present limits. "It is artificial and unnatural to plunge little children into the business of reading music before they have really come normally into contact with music as a language"; and he draws the parallel that knowledge of a language ought to precede any study of its technique, as one learns to talk before learning to read. It is here, probably, that more people will take issue with him than in any other part of his discussion. They will think that the best methods of teaching sight reading are not numbing but stimulating; that they really do produce skillful sight readers, and that if sight reading is pursued as a means to an end, it opens a wider knowledge of and a closer contact with good music than any system of rote singing. Dr. Davison's substitute for it is "music reading," requiring time, covering less ground than the other; but by the fact of requiring time it gets, so Mr. Davison believes, "an intimate knowledge of the spirit and significance of the music that too often escapes the more skillful brother." All of which will fail to carry conviction to many. Dr. Davison advances as his most reasonable argument against sight reading its comparative uselessness—children when they are grown up have no occasion to "exploit" it. But if we are to have a singing nation, as all will join Dr. Davison in hoping, why will they not often have such occasion, and why will not ability to meet the occasion promote the coming of the singing nation? And it is harder still to follow him in his declaration that, while sight reading is of undoubted value as a means to an end, and if it offers the opportunity of gaining first-hand knowledge of good music, as an educational objective it represents "one of the worst of educational fallacies." For many it will be as difficult to conceive not making sight reading of music a means to an end as not making sight reading of French a means to an end.

Dr. Archibald T. Davison.

Mr. Davison is justly severe on the poor quality of songs used in school collections. The plea for the use of poor songs as a lure to good ones later is, as he says, a vicious fallacy. There is nothing more uncontaminated, more receptive, than a little child's musical taste. The best music for children, he thinks, is folk-songs; but just here is the difficulty with the school collections: they cannot generally be copyrighted, and hence are less attractive to publishers than specially composed melodies. In later grades, besides folk tunes, simpler songs by Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann or Brahms are suitable, and even simpler movements of Brahms's "German Requiem" and choruses by Bach. And, he adds as an important detail, there should be listening—listening for its own sake, with no questions asked.

In secondary schools much cannot be done till there is more wisdom in the teaching in the earlier grades. The sight reading is too often disregarded and dropped and the musical exercise itself often omitted, or takes the form of a miscellaneous "community sing." Work in appreciation needs a higher accomplishment in the teachers than is usually available. Mr. Davison's attitude toward the gramophone is that it is a valuable adjunct if wisely used, but that it has many deficiencies that make its extensive use questionable; and he believes that moderately well played illustrations by two or four hands are preferable. Worst of all are the explanations of the "meaning" of music, supplanting the idea that composers write music rather than musical stories. But high school music should include instruction in the simpler forms and in the structure of music; illustration of orchestral instruments, and historical and esthetic comparison of styles. Yet here, too, a high degree of ability and intelligence in the teachers is somewhat rashly assumed; and at no time should these things interfere with or take the place of the hearing of music, which is important above all things.

Mr. Davison is against the teaching of harmony to elementary students as tending toward mere formula. Even at its best it involves the teaching of only a few, when every child should be associating himself with the music itself of the masters. The increasing encouragement of school orchestras and glee clubs is valuable, and the credit offered for the study of "applied music"—that is, practicing the piano and violin and the voice—outside of school hours, when judiciously regulated, is highly commended. And the merit of eye and ear training can hardly be overestimated.

Music is pretty well established as a subject for collegiate training; but Mr. Davison is no friend of "applied music" there—there are too many discrepancies of procedure and standard; too much depends on individual gifts, as of voice; and its content lies too far outside the "area of connected and progressive thinking." The chapter on college glee clubs may seem like a defense of Mr. Davison's own achievements (as hardly need defense in these days; but it may be commended to those who are still unconverted. The results in the several colleges that have gone in this direction and in the preparatory schools that have followed them speak for themselves very emphatically.

There is a final chapter on "community music" as it has recently been developed, in which the author finds little promise because of the too many extraneous motives attributed to it and the amount of compromise with mediocrity that prevails. To their prophets we have listened too long, says Mr. Davison. The true educator is he who ministers not to the wants but to the needs of men. And doing so in music, he will find that the needs become the wants.

Mr. Monahan Defends the Dead

Continued from Page 6)

evaluation of Wilde's work, interested him far more than the first.

Of the essays in the first part of the book, that on the poetry of Sappho is the most ingratiating; Mr. Monahan's love for the few fragments of the Lesbian's verse that have come down to us is genuine indeed and his appreciation is couched in delicate terms.

> The anthology of literature [he writes] has nothing to rival the so slight yet ineffably precious remains of Sappho. These are scarcely more than echoes of her matchless singing—a line or two, a broken stanza, a thought just leaving the poet like a bird from her hand—but the charm, the fragrance, the mystery of a unique personality hang ineffaceably about them. The broken vase forever haunted with the scent of the roses it once contained—this is the relique of literature we name Sappho.

As every one knows, the destruction of the greater part of the works of Sappho was at the hands of the monks, who were, according to Monahan, jealous of the poetic fame of St. Gregory Nazienzen, whose poems, he goes on to say, "are no longer read, even by the monks themselves." And he adds:

> Thus is the devil sometimes permitted to work his malice on the world.

The pity of the essay is that the author was not content to end here; in his attempt to clear Sappho of the charges of unnatural passion he is neither convincing nor happy. And in view of the fact that he admits among the ancient Greeks and Romans an ethical code different from our own, his attempt is as unnecessary as it is unsuccessful.

Turning now to the second part of the book, one finds Mr. Monahan expatiating on such subjects as "Originality," "Style and the Public," the "Index Expurgatorius" (a bold theme) and the difference between de Maupassant and Schnitzler in dealing with the matter of love, to mention only a few of his subjects. Throughout these pages Mr. Monahan, cast more upon his own resources, shows to rather better advantage than in the first and more considerable portion of the book. He evinces a boldness of opinion here and a willingness to back his opinion that give the reader heart. To put it differently, the Monahan of the first section is the Irishman who is slightly sentimental; the Monahan of the second part is the fighting Irishman. And in two essays especially does he show his mettle—one the study already mentioned of de Maupassant and Schnitzler, and one bearing the title "The She-Wolf's Milk," in which he compares the "Francesca da Rimini" of D'Annunzio with "Romeo and Juliet"—to the advantage of the former. Mr. Monahan's position is summed up in the following passage:

> But making full allowance for the depreciation which time and use have visited upon Shakespeare's play, the superiority of the Italian's work, in certain respects, is still manifest. The conception of love has changed since the Elizabethans, and the modern world apprehends it as a cleaner and finer and grander thing, involving "ultimate issues" undreamed of by Shakespeare, great as was his vision. In proof of this assertion—which I am well aware may startle—the entire love-making of Paolo and Francesca may be cited. Who will deny that it is on a plane of passion far higher than Shakespeare gives us or seems to have understood—passion which, though glowing with the white fires of the Italianate imagination, still renders such an account of the soul's participation in the tragedy as you will vainly seek in Shakespeare?

With this attempt at a vital blow—what our friends, the sports reporters, would call the "haymaker"—Mr. Monahan and his "Nemesis" may be left to the decision of the referee. It has always been our cherished hope that some time somebody would come along to show up that fellow Shakespeare; it may be that Michael with his flaming sword is the elected knight. And if the figures here have become somewhat jumbled, we make no apology. The squared circle and the jousting field—has not the same outlet for competition been furnished by both?

What We Will Be Asked to Read Before Next September

A Forecast of Summer Publications Shows Bumper Crops in Every Department of Literature

George Jean Nathan.

From "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans." By Miguel Covarrubias. (Knopf.)

BOOK publishing is popularly supposed to be at a standstill during the Summer months, but there are always a few Spring books that have been held over because of unavoidable delays, and there are always some Fall books that are brought out early in order to avoid the rush. So many books are clamoring, with or without adequate reason, to be published, that the presses can never be permitted to remain idle for long. And as the output of Summer books seems to increase from year to year, it is fair to presume that the public is not so averse to reading during the heated term as it was formerly supposed to be.

Arthur Train.

© Pirie MacDonald.

Naturally enough, fiction predominates at this season of the year to an even greater extent than it does when the days are short and the evenings long. We read for amusement now; time enough for weightier reading when the icy blasts of Winter remind us that life is not all near-beer and skittles. And the Summer crop of fiction, judging from a preliminary survey of the publishers' announcements, promises to be an unusually good one both in quantity and in quality.

To begin with the work of a novelist who is generally conceded to stand at the top of his profession, there is "The Silver Spoon," by John Galsworthy, to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. This is a novel of post-war conditions in society, of the conflict between the Victorian traditions of the Forsyte family, represented by Fleur Forsyte, and the ultra-modern license of the period, represented by Marjorie Ferrar. Soames Forsyte appears in the book as a man at the close of middle age. Other novels on the Scribner list are "The Desert Thoroughbred," a romance of the Southwest, by Jackson Gregory; "Susan Shane," the story of a girl's fight for a career, by Roger Burlingame; "Heaven Trees," by Stark Young, his first novel if we mistake not, with its scene laid on a Mississippi plantation in the '50s; "The Tenderfoots," by Francis Lynde, with a background of the Rockies during the gold rush of the late '70s; and "Page Mr. Tutt," a volume of short stories by Arthur Train, dealing with the exploits of the kindly and eccentric old lawyer who has appeared in other books by the same author.

E. Barrington, who is known for her romances based on the lives of historical persons, has taken a famous actress who was at the height of her fame when George IV was Prince of Wales as the heroine of her new novel, "The Exquisite Pardita." Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Charles Fox, and other famous men of the time appear in the story. The book will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., who also announce "The Incredulity of Father Brown," a group of detective stories by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "Perella," the whimsical story of an English girl in Florence, Italy, by William J. Locke; "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie; "The Unquenchable Flame," by Arthur J. Rees; "The Long Patrol," a story of the Canadian Mounted Police by Albert M. Treynor, and "The Flight of the Heron," a historical tale of the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie, by D. K. Broster.

Margaret Wilson, author of "The Able McLaughlins" and "The Kenworthys," has carried the story of the Kenworthy family into the second generation in "The Painted Room." The central figure is Martha Kenworthy, a high-spirited, sensitive girl of the present day. The book will bear the imprint of Harper & Bros. The Harper fiction list includes also "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris, France," a humorous travel yarn by Donal Ogden Stewart; "Our Doctors: A Novel of Today," by Maurice Duplay; "The Apple of the Eye," by Glenway Wescott; "A Prince of Malaya," by Sir Hugh Clifford; "Padlocked," by Rex Beach; and "The Secret That Was Kept," by Elizabeth Robins."

The Century Company offers "Lief the Lucky," a historical romance dealing with the discovery of America by the Vikings, by Clara Sharpe Hough; and "Short Turns," a collection of short stories by Barry Benefield, author of "The Chicken-Wagon Family."

"Bellarion" is the title of Rafael Sabatini's new novel, announced by the Houghton Mifflin Company. It is a romance of the early Renaissance, and the hero is a man who was trained for a scholar but became a soldier of fortune instead. The author's name is guarantee enough that the book will provide plenty of thrills. Other Houghton Mifflin novels are "The Big House," by Mildred Wasson, and "The Sun Woman," the story of an Indian girl's life and love, told by James Willard Shultz, who is an old-time frontiersman and Indian fighter and a member by adoption of the Blackfoot tribe.

"Her Son's Wife," by Dorothy Canfield, is the story of a woman who had been accustomed to be the centre of her own little universe. Then her son brings home a wife, and his allegiance is divided. The book will be published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., as will also "She Shall Have Music," by Alyse Gregory, and "The Ninth Wave," Carl Van Doren's first novel.

Alfred A. Knopf will bring out "Nigger Heaven," by Carl Van Vechten; "Mannequin," a prize novel, by Fanny Hurst; "The Valley of the Kings," a novel of the Near East, by Marmaduke Pickthall; "Martha and Mary," by J. Ankar Larsen, the Danish author of "The Philosopher's Stone"; "Hot Saturday," a concise and sardonic novel of modern New Mexico, by Harvey Fergusson; "The Lord of Labraz," by the Spanish novelist, Pio Baroja, who deserves to be better known than he is in this country; and "The Great Brighton Mystery," a detective story by J. S. Fletcher.

Another J. S. Fletcher novel "Marchester Royal," is on the list of the George H. Doran Company, who will also publish "King of Dreams," a romance of the days of Christ, by G. R. Warmington; "Tomorrow's Tangle," a modern love story by Margaret Peller; "Fairy Gold," Celtic romance and mystery, by Compton Mackenzie; "Overheard," by Ruby Ayres; "The Black Glove," swashbuckling romance of the time of the plague in London, by J. G. Sarasin; "Prose and Cons," humorous short stories and sketches, by Irvin S. Cobb; "The Loom of the Fool," by Austin McLeod; "Daphne Bruno," a two-volume novel of Victorian days, by Ernest Raymond; "Sepia," the story of a white man who "went native," by Owen Rutter; "The Golden Dancer," the romance of a factory hand in search of love and beauty, by Cyril Hume; "The Glory of Egypt," a tale of adventure and exploration in Tibet, by L. Moresby (a pseudonym said to conceal the name of a well-known author); "The Mad Busman," humorous short stories, by I. A. R. Wylie; "Fraternity Row," a group of college stories by Lynn and Lois Montross; "Pagan Mother," by Arthur Mortimer; "Red Earth," by Jane England; "Spring Sorrel," by Mrs Douglas Pulleyne, and "The Celestial City," by Baroness Orczy.

The Summer fiction list of the Macmillan Company includes "Far End," the story of an English country house and the people who lived in it, by May Sinclair; and "Jig-Saw," a mystery story by Eden Phillpotts, reintroducing Ringrose, the detective who solved the mystery in "A Voice From the Dark."

In "Show Boat," to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Edna Ferber tells a story of the roving Thespians who used to wander up and down the Mississippi River in floating theatres, giving performances along the way. Another novel announced by the same firm is "The Gentleman From Virginia," a Western yarn, by Charles Alden Seltzer.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish "Lavinia and the Devil," the story of the struggle of two women for the love of a man, by Camilla Yorke; "The Stooping Venus," the tale of a loveless marriage and its consequences, by Bruce Marshall; "The Wrong Letter," a mystery story, by W. S. Masterman; "Devices and Desires," by Vera Wheatley; "The Detective's Holiday," by Charles Barry, and "Not Afraid," a Western tale, by Dana Coolidge.

Percival C. Wren, the author of "Beau Geste," offers in "Beau Sabreur" more adventures of Major Beaujolais, who goes to Africa on a Secret Service mission. The book will be published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, which will also bring out "Blue Castle," the story of a girl who is told that she has only one year more to live, by L. M. Montgomery.

The fiction list of D. Appleton & Co. includes "The Man They Hanged," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Flame of Courage," by George Gibbs; "The Big Mogul," by Joseph C. Lincoln; "Medusa's Head," by Josephine Daskam Bacon; "The Cutters," by Bess Streeter Aldrich; "Black Pearls," by R. W. Alexander; "Mistress Nell Gwynn," by Marjorie Brown; "Ghost House," by Foxhall Daingerfield; "By Candle Light," by Gertrude Knevels; "Lighting Seven Candles," by C. Nathia Lombardi; "Sandy," by Horace Lytle; "The Rose-Lit Street," by Rosamund Nugent; "Black Jack Davy," by John M. Oskison; "The Hill of Happiness," by George N. Shuster; "Snow and Steel," by Girolamo Somni-Picenardi, and "But in Our Lives," by Sir Francis Younghusband.

Barry Benefield.

The Macaulay Company announces "Marketing Deb," by Hughes Cornell; "The Luckybug Lode," by Arthur Preston Hankins; "The Erratic Flame," by Ysabel De Tereza; "The Phantom Clue," by Gaston Leroux; "Mad Rapture," by Elizabeth Irons Folsom; "The Sea of Dreams," by Alfred Gordon Bennett; "Master Man Hunters," by Joseph Gollomb, and "The Kingdom of Dreams," by Russell E. O'Hara.

James Oliver Curwood's first historical novel, a romance of Quebec in the 1750s, entitled "The Black Hunter," will be published by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. The same house will bring out Peter B. Kyne's "The Understanding Heart" and "The Unearthly," by Robert Hichens.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company will publish "The Veil of Glamour," a story of a trial marriage, by Clive Arden; "The Devil's Guard," adventure and occult mystery in Tibet, by Talbot Mundy, and a mystery story, "The Corbin Necklace," by Henry Kitchell Webster.

From Robert M. McBride & Co. will come "The Secret Deed," a mystery story, by J. Cleft-Adams; "The White Falcon," a story of the Don Cossacks under Czar Boris Godunoff, by Harold Lamb; "The White Menace," a tale of crime and mystery, by John Rhode; "Backyard," a study of American small-town life, by Gloria Goddard, and "Transfiguration," a novel of village life in the Crimea, by Sergeev Tsensky.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish "The Voice of the Murderer," a mystery story in which a wonderful radio device plays an important part, by Wilder Goodwin and Richard Walsh; "Cordelia Chantrell," a romance of the Civil War period, by Meade Minnigerode, and "Candaule's Wife and Other Stories," tales from Herodotus, retold by Emily James Putnam.

"Summer Bachelors," by Warner Fabian, and "Dread Dwelling," by Richmal Crompton, are the offerings of Boni & Liveright.

"Hilda Ware," a novel of English country life by L. Allen Harker, is announced by Henry Holt & Co.

The author of "The Beloved Rajah," a romance of modern India, is Mrs. A. E. R. Craig, an Englishwoman who has lived in India and had exceptional opportunities for observing the life led by the native princes. The book will be published by Minton, Balch & Co.

The J. B. Lippincott Company announces "The Club of Masks," by Allen Upward, and "I Want to Be a Lady," by Maximilian Foster.

"A Brittle Heaven" is the first novel of Babette Deutsch, already well known as a poet and critic. It is the story of a young girl who succeeds in escaping the deadly pall of a bourgeois environment. The book will be published by Greenberg.

Jim Tully, whose life as a hobo was described in his autobiography, "Beggars of Life," is the author of "Jarnegan," a novel of Hollywood life announced by Albert & Charles Boni.

J. H. Sears & Co. will publish Samuel Merwin's "The Entertaining

Angel," a tale of a theatrical caravan in California, and Grace Adele Catherwood's "The Faith of the Little Shepherd," a story of the time of Christ.

The similarity lies in the fact that each of the two books is written by a young boy and each deals with a scientific expedition.

From Brentano's will come "Picturesque Canada," by Louis Hamilton, and "The Spell of London," by H. V. Morton.

D. Appleton & Co. announce "Caravans and Cannibals," by Mary Hastings Bradley; "The Cowboy and His Interpreters," by Douglas Branch; "The Gentle Art of Tramping," by Stephen Graham; "Sport in Field and Forest," by Ozark Ripley, and "American Football," by A. M. Weyand.

"Heroes of the Air," by Chelsea Fraser, deals with the adventures of famous airmen. It will be published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, as will also Josephine De Mott Robinson's "The Circus Lady," which has in it enough of travel and adventure to be listed here, although it properly comes under the head of biography.

"Advanced Equitation," by Baretto de Souza, to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is a thorough exposition of the art of horseback riding.

Little, Brown & Co. announce "A Primitive Arcadia," the account of an artist's life in Papua, by Ellis Silas, F. R. G. S.; "Beyond the Bosporus," by Lady Dorothy Mills; "Rambles in North Africa," by Albert Wilson, and "Golf for Young Players," by Glenna Collett, amateur woman golf champion of the United States.

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AMONG books of biography and memoirs we find on the list of Dodd, Mead & Co. "Conversations with Anatole France," by Nicolas Segur, and "Naphtali," by C. Lewis Hind, who writes of the '90s from personal acquaintance with the great figures of that decade.

"Echoes and Memories," by Bramwell Booth, is the story of the Salvation Army told by its second General. The book will be issued by the George H. Doran Company.

"The Life of Alonso de Contreras: An Autobiography," announced by Alfred A. Knopf, is the life story of a Spaniard of the sixteenth century who was by turn apprentice, valet, soldier, sailor, executioner, pirate and Judge; captain on sea and land, occasional hermit and Commander of the Order of Malta. This work has been translated from the original Spanish by Catherine Allson Phillips.

Minton, Balch & Co. will publish "An Artist's Life in London and Paris, 1870-1925," by A. Ludovici.

The list of Dorrance & Co. includes "Justino Rufino Barrios: A Biography of the Great Latin-American Liberator," by Paul Burgess, and "The Traitor, an Untampered-With, Unrevised Account of the Trial," by Harry K. Thaw.

"The Life of Darwin," by Leonard Huxley, is announced by the Adelphi Company. This is a short popular life of the great scientist by the son of his coworker.

"The Letters of Tobias Smollett, M. D.," collected and edited by Edward S. Noyes, Ph. D., will bear the imprint of the Harvard University Press.

On the list of the Penn Publishing Company we find "Three Ships in Azure," by Irwin Anthony; "The Beckoning Glory," by May Emery Hall, and "The Wolf, the Cat and the Nightingale," by Stanley Hart Cauffman.

"Code of Men," a story of ranch life in the Southwest, by Homer King Gordon, is announced by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Adelphi Company will publish "The Not Impossible She," by Arthur Weigall.

Barse & Hopkins will bring out "The White God's Way," a story of the Canadian Northwest, by Stanley Shaw.

The International Publishers Company announces "Mrs. Socrates," by Fritz Mauthner, translated from the German by Dr. J. W. Hartmann. This is described as a defense, in fictional form, of the most notorious scold in history.

The list of Simon & Schuster includes "None but the Brave," by Arthur Schnitzler, translated by Richard L. Simon, and "A Touch of Earth," a first novel by a young Washington writer, Lelia Warren.

Frederick H. Hitchcock announces "Jerusalem the Golden," a novel of the Finger Lakes country of Western New York, by Robert Porter St. John.

The Viking Press will publish "The Time of Man," a novel of the "poor whites" of the Kentucky hills, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; "Listen, Moon," a fantastic tale in which a pillar of the Church turns pirate, by Leonard Cline, and "From Nine to Nine," a mystery story by Leo Perutz, translated from the German by Lily Lore.

Edna Ferber.

From a Drawing by C. Le Roy Baldridge.

The fiction list of Little, Brown & Co. includes "Portia Marries," a first novel by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs, the wife of A. Hamilton Gibbs; "Ways of Escape," a story of English family life, by Noel Forrest; "Walls of Glass," by Larry Barretto; "Oklahoma," a novel of the opening of that Territory, by Courtney Ryley Cooper; "Van Patten," another Western yarn, by B. M. Bower, and "Death at Swaythling Court," a detective story, by J. J. Connington.

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NEXT to works of fiction the most popular books for Summer reading are perhaps those dealing with travel, adventure and sport, just as the activities they describe are among the favorite forms of Summer recreation. Of the travel books, one which promises to be unusually interesting is "Peking to Lhasa," by Sir Francis Younghusband. It is the story of the travels of General George Pereira, who died before he was able to put his diaries and journals into permanent form. That work was undertaken by Sir Francis Younghusband, whose own explorations in the same region make him peculiarly fitted for the task. The book will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. The same firm will bring out "A Wayfarer in Egypt," by Annie A. Quibell; "A Wayfarer in Unfamiliar Japan," by Walter Weston; "The Sacred 5 of China," by William Edgar Geil; "The White Devil's Mate," a sequel to "The White Devil of the Black Sea," by Lewis Stanton Palen, and "Northern Lights and Southern Shade," by Douglas Goldring.

Alfred A. Knopf will publish "Concerning Corsica," by René Juta; "Leicestershire and Its Hunts," by Charles Simpson, with illustrations by the author, and "The Fifth Estate: Thirty Years of Golf," an autobiographical history of golf from its introduction in this country to the present day, by Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell.

"With Seaplane and Sledge in the Arctic," the account of the 1924 Oxford University Arctic Expedition, by George Binney, will be brought out by the George H. Doran Company.

The imprint of Dodd, Mead & Co. will appear on "The English Castles," by Edmund B. d'Auvergne; "Cathedrals and Churches of Italy," by T. F. Bumpus; "Old Gardens of Italy," by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, and "Last Memories of a Tenderfoot," by R. B. Townsend.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company announces "Twenty Years in Borneo," by Charles Bruce, and "By the Waters of Carthage," by Norma Lorimer.

"Ranching with Roosevelt," by Lincoln A. Lang, is a picture of the West in the days when Roosevelt lived the life of a ranchman there. It is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.

The Adelphi Company announces "An Amateur in Africa," by C. Leistock Reid.

"Deric in Mesa Verde," by Deric Nusbaum, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is described as a companion volume to David Binney Putnam's "David Goes Voyaging."

D. Appleton & Co. will publish "Julia Marlowe—Her Life and Art," by Charles Edward Russell, and "Adventures in Editing," by Charles Hanson Towne.

Henry Holt & Co. announce "Visions and Jewels," the autobiography of a Russian-born London antique dealer by Moysheh Oyved, and "Ninon de L'Enclos," by Emile Magne, translated by Gertrude Scott Stevenson.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company will bring out "Fifty Famous Painters," by Henrietta Gerwig, and "The Life of Jesus," by Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps."

The story of an English circus proprietor is told in "Seventy Years a Showman," by "Lord" George Sanger, to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"More Uncensored Recollections," by the same anonymous author who wrote "Uncensored Recollections," will be issued by Harper & Bros. The same firm will publish "Letters of Louise Imogen Guiney," edited by Grace Guiney; and "You're on the Air," reminiscences of radio broadcasting by Graham McNamee.

"Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels," by Professor D. Riasanov, will be published by the International Publishers Company.

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ALFRED A. KNOPF presents a strong list of books on history, politics, economics and kindred subjects. It includes "Modern World History, 1776-1926," by Alexander C. Flick; "The History of New Amsterdam," by William R. Shepherd; "Pan-Europe," by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi; "Public Opinion and the Teaching of History," by Bessie L. Pierce; "The American Senate," by Lindsay Rogers; "Foreign Trade and World Politics," by Herbert F. Fraser; "Government Owned Corporations," by Harold A. Van Doren; "The Racial Basis of Civilization," by Frank H. Hankins; "Crime and the Criminal: An Introduction to Criminal Sociology," by Philip A. Parsons; "The Roman Spirit," by Albert Grenier, and "A History of Witchcraft and Demonology," by Montague Summers.

"Britain's Economic Plight" is discussed in a book by Frank Pinchy Jr., to be published by Little, Brown & Co.

Tobias Smollett.

The Adelphi Company offers "Economic History," by Max Weber, translated from the German by Professor F. H. Knight; "Social Economics," by F. von Wieser, and "Money," by Karl Helfferich.

International Publishers Company will bring out "The Peasant War in Germany," by Friedrich Engels, translated into English for the first time by Moissaye J. Olgin, and "The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions," by Theresa Wolfson, Ph. D. The same firm will issue a new English version of "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," by Karl Marx.

"Principles of Democracy" (two volumes) by Woodrow Wilson, edited by Ray Stannard Baker and William E. Dodd, forms the second section of the six-volume edition of Woodrow Wilson's public papers. It will be published by Harper & Bros., who will also bring out "The Romance of the Boundaries," by John T. Faris, and "Caravans of Commerce," by Isaac F. Marcosson.

Dorrance & Co. announce "Vrouw Knickerbocker: The Story of Brooklyn," by Maude Stewart Welch, and "Moses in Red: The Revolt in Israel as a Typical Revolution," by Lincoln Steffens.

The Oxford University Press American Branch will publish "The Early Roman Empire," this being the first volume of a "Social and Economic History of the World," by M. Rostovtzeff; "The Caribbee Islands under the Proprietary Patents," by James A. Williamson; "The Peoples of Southern Nigeria," by P. Amaury Talbot, and "The Unreformed Senate of Canada," by Robert A. Mackay.

"Home Life Under the Stuarts," by Elizabeth Godfrey, will be issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"The Practice of Municipal Administration," by Lent D. Upson, is announced by the Century Company.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will bring out "A History of Roumania," by N. Iorga, a member of the Rumanian Cabinet, and the fifth volume of "An Outline of Christianity."

From the George H. Doran Company will come "The Truth About Mormonism," by James H. Snowden; "Cambridge Past and Present," by B. W. Downs; "Prohibition in the United States," by D. Leigh Colvin, Ph. D.; "A History of Spiritualism," by A. Conan Doyle, and "History in English Words," tracing the history of the Anglo-Saxon race according to its use of words, by Owen Barfield.

Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., announces the publication of the third volume of James Murdoch's "The History of Japan," together with reprints of the first and second volumes.

The Harvard University Press will publish "The Theory of International Prices," by James W. Angell, and the third volume of Thomas G. Frothingham's "Naval History of the World War."

Boni & Liveright offer "Civilization and Civilization," a concise interpretation of Spengler's "Decline of the West," by E. H. Goddard.

The list of D. Appleton & Co. includes "An Outline History of France," by Herbert H. Gowen and Josef Hall, and "The International Labor Organization," by Paul Perigord.

"The American in England During the First Half Century of Independence," by Robert E. Spiller, is an anthology compiled from the travel books, letters, diaries, &c., of Americans who visited England during the period named. It will be published by Henry Holt & Co.

"A Million and One Nights, the History of the Motion Picture," by Terry Ramsaye, will have the Simon & Schuster imprint.

Politics in its relation to religion is discussed in "The State and the Kingdom," by William M. Balch, to be issued by the Abingdon Press.

The Indian wars and our relations with the Indians are considered in "Soldiers of the Plains," by P. E. Byrne. The book will be published by Minton, Balch & Co.

The title "The Old Sergeant's Story: Winning the West from the Indians and Bad Men in 1870 to 1876," sufficiently describes a book by Captain Robert G. Carter, U. S. A., to be published by Frederick H. Hitchcock.

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UNDER the general heading of essays and criticism may be grouped also some volumes of a philosophical content such as those in the new "Library of Contemporary Thought," edited by W. Tudor Jones and published by Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes of this series will appear this Summer, "Contemporary Thought of Italy," by Angelo Crespi, and "Contemporary Thought of France," by Isaac Benrubi. Other Knopf books to come under this general classification are "The Chronicle of Clemendy," by Arthur Machen; "The Secret Tradition in Alchemy," by Arthur Edward Waite; "The House of Satan," by George Jean Nathan; "The Column," by Hallam Walker Davis; "How Natives Think," by Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, and "Aspects of Science: Second Series," by J. W. N. Sullivan.

"Short Talks With the Dead and Others," by Hilaire Belloc, is a collection of essays on all sorts of subjects including art, history, advertising, Nordics, &c. It will be published by Harper & Bros., as will also "Fifty Favorite Operas," by Paul England.

The George H. Doran Company will publish "Your United States," a novelist's digressions about us and our peculiarities, by Arnold Bennett. Another Doran book, and one that is rather difficult to classify, is Horace Wyndham's "The Mayfair Calendar," a modern companion volume to the "Newgate Calendar," dealing solely with the transgressions of the aristocracy.

Two books on art are announced by Dodd, Mead & Co., "Corot," by Marc Lafargue, and "Why We Look at Pictures," by Carl H. P. Thurston. From E. P. Dutton & Co. will come

(Continued on Page 28)

Yeggs, Apaches and The Underworld

Ashton-Wolfe Was a Free-Lance Detective in The Jungles of Continental Crookdom

"Dawn, Newgate Prison." By Muirhead Bone.

From "The London Perambulator," by James Bone. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York.)

***THE UNDERWORLD.** By Ashton-Wolfe. 23 illustrations. 285 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.*

ASHTON-WOLFE modestly calls himself "interpreter at the Civil and Criminal Courts." His book, however, tells his adventures as a detective at Monte Carlo and Paris, a member of the Sûreté, the great French secret police organization; a "contrabandista" in the mountains of Spain and a daring messenger and guide through the German lines and across national boundaries during the war.

In this capacity he was for a time associated with Miss Edith Cavell in Brussels, and as a member of the Sûreté he worked with Dr. Bertillon, the French criminologist whose identification system has made gloves so popular with yeggs and burglars.

The first episode deals with the frustration of a daring attempt to hold up the Casino at Monte Carlo by an American desperado whom the author calls Big Jim Cowley. This gunman was wanted in Canada for a bank robbery and was being hunted by the police in a dozen States. He had manned a fast steam yacht with outlaws and had sailed for Nice with a definite scheme for pulling off the biggest hold-up in the history of crime. In the crew was a former croupier who had prepared a detailed layout of the Casino, its vaults and various ways of access and departure. Obviously, the attempt was a failure, else Ashton-Wolfe would not now be able to tell "for the first time" of Big Jim Cowley's plan and why it failed.

Although Cowley himself escaped on his yacht after an exciting chase, several members of his gang were captured and sent back to the States, where they were all wanted for numerous offenses. It seems a pity from the point of view of pure exciting adventure that the hold-up didn't go through to its climax, for 25 per cent. of Monte Carlo's garrison was waiting outside the Casino, carbines ready, and dozens of detectives were inside on the alert for the "tip-off." The yarn illustrates the efficiency of the Sûreté, but to a provincial New York police reporter it seems a bit like comic opera to call out the military for a job that half a dozen members of Paddy Sheridan's strong-arm squad would have achieved with blackjacks.

The second tale of Monte Carlo concerns Sonia Varonoff, alias the Countess Pilar Concepcion Gonzalez, who had a neat habit of robbing big winners at the Casino by hypnosis and then driving them to commit suicide. "Post-hypnotic suggestion," M. Blanchard, head of the Sûreté at Monte Carlo, called it. The author says that he has told this story to mental specialists, but has found no one who can explain to him just how Sonia achieved her results.

So shattered were his nerves by his experience with the hypnotic Countess, the author tells us, that he sought rest and recreation in Spain; and there he promptly fell in with a band of smugglers, launched himself into a street brawl over a beautiful girl, joined the smugglers to escape the police and finished his adventure by serving a term in a Spanish prison. From this predicament a British Consul rescued him and he returned to Paris. There he immediately engaged in a war against "La Glu" as the Apache Raoul Pontier, alias John Ainsworth, scion of an ancient and honorable Scottish clan, was known.

"La Glu" gained some fame as a robber by his methods. He was wont to torture his victims whether they gave up or not, and one of his favorite stunts was to roast their feet. Ashton-Wolfe, other members of the Sûreté and an American Pinkerton operative finally ran this gentleman to earth.

Lest the reader become surfeited with tales of the Parisian underworld, the author interpolates a story of Indo-China, involving one Jean Orth, who, he tells us, was heir to the throne of the Hapsburgs, but had surrendered his birthright for the woman he loved. This woman was stolen from him in Paris, where the young Prince had gone to marry her, by a man under orders from the Emperor. Orth traced him into the Foreign Legion and learned that he had forced the woman to accompany him. How he found them concludes the most horrible adventure in the book. The writer tells it well and leaves out enough to set the reader wondering and wishing for more information about this tragic Prince of Austria.

Of the eleven stories Ashton-Wolfe has selected from his twenty-odd years of adventure, the chapter devoted to Edith Cavell and the early days of the war is perhaps the most entertaining. With his knack of turning up when and where things happened, the writer was in Offenburg near the Swiss border when the war started. After failing in a spectacular attempt to rush the boundary in a racing car he made his way to Belgium, and in Brussels reported to the British Embassy.

When the British staff left just before the arrival of the Germans, the writer was laid up in a hospital following a motorcycle accident. On the advice of a Belgian official he decided to remain in Belgium, thinking that because of his knowledge of languages he could gain information that would be of immense value to the Allies.

His first achievement was to take a party of six Englishmen and Frenchmen into Holland disguised as Flemish fishermen. His charges safe in a neutral country, Ashton-Wolfe exchanged his Flemish identity for Italian and, protected by new fraudulent passports, he returned again to the Belgian capital. There he met Nurse Edith Cavell, already active in the service for which she was condemned and shot by the Germans, gathering and hiding refugees who wished to join the allied armies. He led another party through the lines, and once more returned, only to be arrested as a spy himself. The story of his escape and journey across Germany into Switzerland in the company of a French woman reads like a chapter from John Buchan.

Ashton-Wolfe is 45 years old. At this time, he writes, he can make public but a small portion of his adventures.

"I should like to lift the veil," he says, "but as I am still hoping to take a part in many cases, my lips are sealed; at least until I retire."

Here is one reader who hopes that veil will be lifted soon and another volume written of this "interpreter's" extraordinary contacts with the underworld.

Georg Brandes Returns to Hellenism

***HELLAS: TRAVELS IN GREECE.** By Georg Brandes. Authorized translation by Jacob W. Hartmann. 219 pp. New York: Adelphi Company. $2.50.*

GEORG BRANDES has been one of the tough fibers that hold together the elements of civilization. To the present struggle he brings an imagination enriched by the past. His career, as his translator writes, has been stormy. He has often had to exercise the critic's privilege of fighting to defend what he conceived to be true values from the forces which seem determined to crush individuals of stature and prevent promise from coming to maturity.

Of recent years he has been reconstructing epochs of European civilization, interpreting them through the single figures which seemed to unite in themselves the social forces at work: Voltaire, for example, representing the focus for liberty seeking and rational impulses of eighteenth century Europe.

From the Europe which he believes "has fallen into the hands of clowns," Herr Brandes now turns back his gaze upon Hellas. It is only in a figurative sense that this book represents his travels. Physical wanderings play a relatively slight part in the record. Their function has been to furnish data with which Herr Brandes accents the fundamental feeling he derives from Greek literature. For the purposes of his interpretation of Greece he has chosen to write on Homeric literature, to which two essays of the five in his book are given, and on Xenophon's "Anabasis." The last two essays depict recent political events, and are made a sort of burning glass to intensify the light thrown by Greece upon men and conditions among us.

Greece, as Herr Brandes writes, not Palestine, represents to him the Holy Land. Homeric poetry yields him pictures of the springtime of civilization. Its legends, crudely joined and with later interpolations, as Herr Brandes gives his detailed reasons for believing, have come to us as a reconstruction of what was once a masterpiece. With a vigor and roundness and youthful power that have captivated the imaginations of generations of men, they unfold the life of a race which later realized to an unparalleled degree their individual potentialities; so that to Europeans crucified by self-consciousness, the word Greek has long been virtually a synonym for grace and moderation and the ideal of strength controlled by reason.

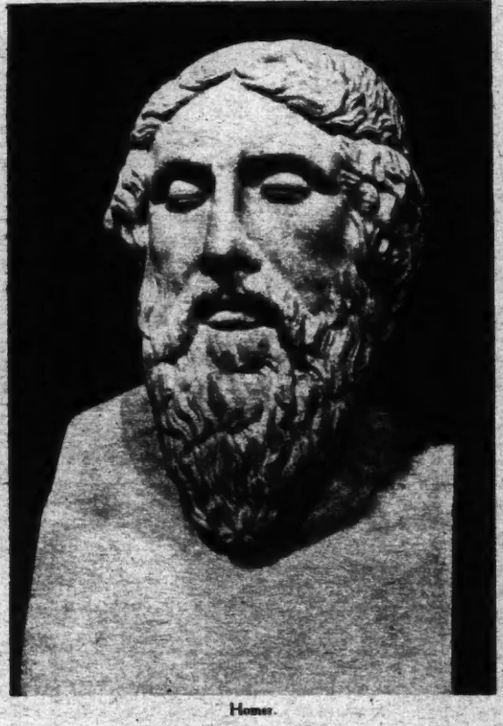
Xenophon, in the "Anabasis" particularly, furnishes matter for the portrait of Greece at its intellectual maturity, the body being cultivated to educate not warriors alone, but an athletic and beautiful people, the public assembly developing creative logic and critical thought. The contrast with Europe is always implicit, often expressed. For Brandes the Greeks become a symbol for the humanity we have for the most part lost. Their winged centrality is represented by their artists who spoke a pure language, unlike the mongrel tongues of our day; who lived among and expressed their proper civilization, not a patchwork like ours.

In support of his thesis, Herr Brandes offers many fine and characteristic citations from the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," illustrating not only his idea of the growth of these poems and the development of taste among the people who formed them, but the essential qualities of Greek life. In Xenophon's sober narrative of the retreat of the Ten Thousand he finds an incomparable picture of Greek antiquity at 400 B. C., of Greek heroes in action; of the Greek spirit in contrast with the Persian and with the half-savage modes of thought then prevalent in Asia Minor.

The last two essays press home the contrast with our day. Herr Brandes admits the dark phases to be found portrayed in the literature of the ancient world. Xenophon was deposed by jealousy after his successful leadership in the retreat. Socrates was poisoned; Themistocles, Anaxagoras and Alcibiades, to name but a few, were exiled. Plato was sold into slavery. Nevertheless, a light emanated from those days which has illuminated Europe during centuries. And now Europe has destroyed Greece. Those "stolen treasures," the Parthenon sculptures, brought to England by Lord Elgin, are given over to "vandalism," being "subjected to a progressive destruction, due to the fact that they are scoured and scrubbed like the floors of the building." Modern Greece has been treated no better than the ancient treasures. Greece was forced into the World War. Her soldiers, after being sent by France to fight in a, to them meaningless, war in Russia, were left to be massacred by the Turks. Greeks were slaughtered by hundreds of thousands, women and children massacred at Smyrna while the warships of the allied powers stood by inactive. "The key to all these happenings," Herr Brandes charges, "in the silent struggle between France and England, the harbinger of the next war." For the politicians of these countries, Lord Grey and Lloyd George, he has only the harshest words, charging them in effect with responsibility for the Greek disasters and the assassination of Premier Gunaris and his associates.

Modern government, he finds, is now based on the assumption that the public does not think and can easily be put off when questions are asked. "The few persons capable of thought have not much opportunity to make themselves heard in our day, and if they speak the truth it is easy to render them suspicious [suspect?] and thus silence them. The thing that we used to term simply a lie in the old days, and which is now more justly designated as politics, is an organized power." It is this lately organized power, fortified by modern war, which the individuality of Greek life made impossible, that now threatens all life and civilization. In this sense the destruction of Greece becomes symptomic for the world, and although the indictment Herr Brandes draws is harsh and indignant, it represents a critic's defense of what he conceives to be values of supreme importance.

His book, for the most part competently translated, though not without occasional awkwardness, bears on its face evidence of the decline in values which he laments. It is badly proof-read and none too well printed.



Homer.

From "Greek and Roman Portraits." By Dr. Anton Hekler. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

From Gambling-Den To Corsican Woods

PARIS.

PAUL BOURGET'S new novel, "Le Danseur Mondain" ("The Dancing Partner"), reveals to what extremities the passion for gambling can drive young men of gentle birth and breeding. Pierre-Stéphane Bourdin, grandson of a celebrated barrister, was the secretary of the well-known lawyer Jaffeux, when, in order to pay a gambling debt, he purloined some rare books from his employer's library. For the same reason Gilbert Favy, a Colonel's son, becomes a house-breaker and steals some jewelry from a room of a Côte d'Azur palace. Does this seem likely? Good God! Anything may happen. But, after all, it isn't the usual thing for scions of good families to act like disloyal servants or common burglars—and this for a paltry few thousands of paper francs. If the tales here told by M. Paul Bourget were of general application we would soon be burdened with another prohibition for the protection of public morals, the prohibition of playing cards. However, I believe that M. Paul Bourget exaggerates and that gambling rarely has such sinister consequences. One may lose one's time and money at it, but not necessarily all of one's scruples.

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ON the other hand, the famous novelist, austere as he is in his first conclusions, becomes excessively indulgent toward the misdemeanors of his young beaux. His statements give the impression that gambling is a more serious crime than stealing. He does not, of course, give an apology of theft, but he grants an easy pardon for these youthful peccadillos which to me, I must confess, seem much more disgraceful. M. Paul Bourget's two heroes rehabilitate themselves quite rapidly and find no difficulty in regaining their status as charming and respected gentlemen. Strictly speaking, this is not impossible, but in my opinion such regenerations are even more unusual than the dishonorable missteps toward which M. Paul Bourget's attitude is doubly wrong, I believe. For, simultaneously, he treats them as almost fatal and almost pardonable. One may gamble without resorting to theft, but a degrading act is a very bad symptom, and the man who has once lowered himself to this point will probably be a rogue all his life.

After his employer, who valued his books, has thrown him out, therefore, Pierre-Stéphane Bourdin becomes a dancing partner for his living; that is, he becomes a dancing master in dance halls, hotels and fashionable clubs. One of his pupils, Renée Favy, the Colonel's daughter, falls in love with him. And why not? He is attractive, distinguished in appearance and much admired. Doubtless the Colonel will not approve of this marriage. But love does not reason logically. As long as Renée considers Pierre-Stéphane an honest man she will continue to love him. However, the lawyer Jaffeux intervenes and reveals the dancing partner's deplorable past. The latter, however, has found the road to virtue in jazz. He saves and preaches to Gilbert Favy, Renée's brother, returns to the chief of police the jewelry that Gilbert has stolen, declares himself guilty in order to turn suspicion from Gilbert, lends the latter money and makes him give his word of honor that he will never play again. Thus Pierre-Stéphane becomes truly admirable. And so does Gilbert, for he will not permit his beloved friend to sacrifice himself for him. He proclaims the truth and wipes out his crime by his confession. A duel of chivalrous sentiments.

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NOW, pure as snow, the dancing partner could marry Renée, but he refuses, for he prefers his new profession to the legal career, which he could now re-enter, as Jaffeux esteems him again and is willing to take him back. However, Pierre-Stéphane has gone through the war and displayed heroism at Verdun, and M. Paul Bourget fears that those who once were soldiers no longer will permit themselves to be bored. Unquestionably it is less entertaining to plead parish pump cases than to dance with beautiful women and blushing young girls. This is beyond dispute; but I do not think that it is absolutely necessary to have fought in the war to become aware of this fact. Again, the career of the professional dancer, fascinating though it is in certain respects, yet presents certain disadvantages of which the attorney's life is free. However, every one to his own taste. And although some of its points may be disputed, this novel is extremely interesting.

We find M. Paul Bourget again in "Micheline et l'amour" (Micheline and Love), the sequel of the "Novel of the Four," where he collaborates with Mme. Gérard d'Honville and Messrs. Henri Duvernois and Pierre Benoit. As the novel consists of letters, each of the four co-authors writes for one of the characters—Mme. Gérard d'Honville for Micheline, Paul Bourget for her father, the painter Antoine Barge; Henri Duvernois for her husband, Bernard, and Pierre Benoit for Lucien, a vague cousin who is constantly being sacrificed.

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IN the "Novel of the Four" Antoine Barge caught his wife in flagrante delicto and killed her. In "Micheline and Love" Micheline surprises her husband in a similarly compromising situation and wants to kill him. The memory of her father's remorse makes her resist the impulse. Bernard has a narrow escape; and fickle husbands will realise how convenient it is to have had a mother-in-law who has perished under such conditions. Still they might also fear that their wives may have inherited these maternal inclinations toward a fast life. Micheline, however, is irreproachable. She even went so far as to love her husband—a most magnificent example! But the results she gets leave a great deal to be desired.

Paul Bourget.

Paul Bourget and his collaborators do not give much encouragement to young wives who might want to imitate her. Fortunately, however, she is about to become a mother. She will devote herself to her child and, unable to be a happy wife, will become a perfect mother instead. In spite of some long-drawn-out passages, "Micheline and Love" is delightful to read. Pierre Benoit brightens the book with some good jokes which prove that he would have been a brilliant success as a vaudevillist.

Let me call your attention to a book of an entirely different sort—Pierre Bonardi's "Rois du Maquis" (Kings of the Corsican Woods). It is not exactly a novel, for the interest of the book lies partly in the preciseness of its documentation. But its characters are essentially romantic, being the famous Corsican bandits—particularly Romanetti, who was killed only recently and whom the author knew well. Pierre Bonardi relates these dramatic adventures in such animated and picturesque fashion that his book may well be placed beside Prosper Mérimée's "Colomba." PAUL SOUDAY.

The Black Flag in Bibliography

LONDON.

IT is curious to note in what diverse fashions successive generations establish their claim to distinction. T. H. Huxley, the physiologist, is followed by Leonard Huxley, best known as a biographer and as editor of The Cornhill Magazine. On the next branches of the genealogical tree we find Julian, the biologist, and Aldous, the novelist, poet and essayist. So, too, the "Father and Son" of Sir Edmund Gosse's family history are respectively a naturalist and a literary critic. Sir Edmund's own son, Philip, follows a hobby that would have been as distasteful to the first Philip Gosse as Sir Edmund's own backsliding from the peculiar creed of Plymouth Brethrenism. He is a physician by profession and is at present assistant superintendent of the Radium Institute, but it is pirates that he loves to read about and write about beyond anything else. Two years ago he published that diverting book, "The Pirate's Who's Who," whose title has presumably won for it a place on the reference shelves of many libraries, but which is really a volume to lighten a dull hour. Dr. Gosse has now followed it up by "My Pirate Library," a bibliographical description of the 138 works in which he found material for his portrait gallery of the men who sailed under the black flag. It seems that the literature of piracy has now reached considerable dimensions and has been especially increased since the World War. Many of the older books on the subject were scurvily printed and sold for a few pence, but are now keenly sought by collectors and fetch high prices. They belonged to the class of those "chapbooks" which were so common that few of their original purchasers thought it worth while to preserve them. Hence their rarity today. Dr. Gosse traces his own interest in piracy back to his boyhood, when Robert Louis Stevenson, wrapped in Mrs. Edmund Gosse's red shawl, used to spin yarns to her children on Summer evenings in the best manner of John Silver.

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EARLY in the World War there was a tremendous enthusiasm in England for everything Russian, not excepting its literature and language. Chairs of Russian were endowed at our universities, Russian was added to the curriculum of such schools as Eton and St. Paul's, and instruction in Russian was offered by the London County Council at its evening classes. Private tutors who could teach Russian were overwhelmed with pupils, and textbooks of the subject were advertised in every newspaper and prominently displayed on the shelves of every public library. In some cities there were started Anglo-Russian societies which provided performances of Russian music and plays and lectures on Russian art, literature and social life. After Brest-Litovsk there was a sudden slump, and to admire what Russians had done or were doing was almost to write yourself down as lacking in patriotism. In recent years, however, there has been a marked revival of interest in Russian literature, though by no means up to the hectic standard of 1915. Tolstoy, in particular, has been gaining new readers among people anxious for more light on the causes and preventives of war.

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HAMILTON FYFE'S "Behind the Scenes of the Great Strike," hustled through the press at such high speed, turns out to be scarcely more than a pamphlet. It is in diary form, and its chief value lies in its account, from the inside, of the organisation of The British Worker, the paper extemporised by the Trades Union Council as a counterblast to the Government's British Gazette. Sir Ernest Benn, whose recent "Confessions of a Capitalist" showed the position he takes on such matters, is about to publish a book which "explains what has really happened and how these happenings may, if properly controlled, lead to a period of unexampled national prosperity." With his usual knack in hitting upon a fetching title, he calls it "If I Were a Labor Leader." Sir Ernest is issuing this volume through his own publishing firm and tells the booksellers he is determined, with their help, that its sales shall run into hundreds of thousands of copies.

Magdalen King-Hall, daughter of Admiral Sir G. King-Hall, has confessed to the authorship of "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" (reviewed in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, Feb. 7, 1926), which purported to have been written by Cleone Knox in 1764-64. . . . In reviewing Philip Guedalla's "Independence Day" (reviewed in THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, June 13, 1926), The Times Literary Supplement remarks that its pages may be searched in vain for the chief cause of the birth of the United States—namely, that the American Colonies felt themselves to be a nation and so became one. . . . "I have sometimes wondered," says H. A. L. Fisher, the historian and ex-Minister of Education, "whether we do not produce too much literature and whether, just as Mr. Winston Churchill once proposed to the German Government that there should be a holiday in naval construction, Mr. Baldwin might not think it wise to proclaim a holiday in writing, placing, of course, writers and their publishers on the dole during the period of truce." . . . The next additions to the Home University Library will be "Eugenics," by A. M. Carr-Saunders, Professor of Social Science at Liverpool University, and "Political Thought in England From Locke to Bentham," by Professor Harold J. Laski. . . . Osbert Burdett has written the "William Blake" for the English Men of Letters series. HERBERT W. HORWILL.

Three Tales of Wide-Flung Jewry

THE LEPER SHIP. By Isadore Lhevinne. 154 pp. New York: The Halcyon Press. $2.

A NOVELETTE, one long and one short story make up this interesting volume, which goes by the title of the first of the trio, "The Leper Ship." Limited in actual amount, the stories nevertheless make a broad sweep. Dr. Lhevinne adventures boldly and successfully in several manners. His scenes range from the Orient to the New World. Yet, diverse as they appear, the binding cord of race serves to connect them. For each of the stories deals in its own way with the prides and the prejudices that confront wide-flung Jewry. Moreover, these tales have about them a welcome air of verisimilitude. Dr. Lhevinne looks at life not through a glass darkly. He draws directly with bold, free strokes.

The stories share likewise an emphasis on characterization. The various people of his fictions walk through his pages at no puppet pace. They live and move with a real vitality. For he, creator-like, has breathed into them the very breath of life. Accordingly, plot as such gets rather short shrift. It imposes no arbitrary barriers. It lays no retarding hand on action and reaction. The general method follows the simple narrative form, with incident treading on incident's heels—much in the manner of the human pageant itself.

To depict "The Leper Ship" Dr. Lhevinne takes a small canvas. Within the compass of some seventy-six pages he manages to individualize at least a score of characters. The main incident which the novelette elaborates concerns the embarkation of a throng of refugees from Vladivostok on the eve of the Russian chaos. These émigrés, from all walks and stations and from a variety of countries, herd together in an unauthorised and profit-making relief ship. The inevitable occurs. Pestilence walks not only in darkness but stalks the deck in broad daylight. The ship, barely seaworthy, suffers the typhoons and the doldrums of the China seas. Hoping to reach Shanghai, it makes Manila. Port authorities with one accord forbid a landing. Treated similarly by officials on the mainland, and with the passengers sickening and dying on every hand, the ship seems doomed. Dr. Lhevinne leaves them with a mirage of hope to lighten their despair—they may drift to America:

> What a fine country America is! There a man is free! He can go out in the streets and say: Be damned all of you! And so long as he only speaks and doesn't use his hands, no one can ever do anything to him. They had a man who said: Give me liberty or give me death! It is a great country. * * * They'll let us in! They'll let us in! They have a god in their hearts.

The interest of "The Leper Ship" lies in the deft characterization of its cosmopolitan and conglomerate cargo. While reminiscent of the Russian school, it lacks that school's great drawback. The characters stand out as individuals and not as so many queer names from a Bronx telephone directory. The author avoids cluttering the scene with supers. Each individual registers as an entity. And with what a strange cross-section of humanity he chooses to deal! There was Lidia Constantinovna, widow of a General in the Czar's escort, whose beauty withered with her fading splendors. She and her four lovely daughters managed to establish the old social distinctions—for a day. All beautiful, they "revelled in the atmosphere of erotic extravagance" they cast around them. Small wonder that they tired of their mother's exclusiveness and left her and a dried-up escort for the more tangible admirations of democracy. Among the ship's élite stood out the person of the cook, who was "suddenly invested with an almost preternatural power." But indeed the whole passenger list of "The Leper Ship" has its humors and its pathos.

Next to characterisation comes the hitting off of the emotional atmospheres. They range from the almost delirious gayety of embarkation, through the explosiveness and touchiness of too close contacts, to the terror and delirium of fright when the leprosy sets its fatal mark on the first victim. Rosenberg, a Russian merchant of position, and his son, are the only Jews on the ship. The author's indication of the unreasonableness of much of the anti-Semitic feeling crops up here and there in the apparent sincerity with which the passengers and ship's officers alike lay the blame for their overshadowing misfortunes on the mere presence on board of the two Jews. In "The Leper Ship" Dr. Lhevinne has conceived and set down a gripping narrative. Its characters and its incidents almost sear themselves upon the memory.

In happier mood, though plumbing at times its own depths of tragedy, comes "The Lost Youth." This story, set in New York's lower east side, deals with the rather futile regrets of oncoming age. Dr. Brent, the Latin scholar, bemoaned, not a wasted youth, but a too zealously conserved one. Passion's fire with him had lacked both light and heat. It had reached the cinders stage before he perceived fire there at all. Succeeding as an expounder of the humanities, he had failed to be human. Usually this situation verges on the maudlin. In the present story the wistfulness of it all precludes the absurdity. The aging teacher falls in love with a young Jewish pupil. The girl, beautiful but shallow and callous, regarded his love for her with amusement. How he releases his pent-up affection till it envelops her whole east side family makes a genuinely moving story—a love story, but no idyl. Dr. Lhevinne does his best work here with the character of the girl's father. After twenty years in America, Mr. Potter still remained the "frightened Jew." "The greatest moment of his life had probably been when he first saw a Jewish policeman." But his reverence for learning was deep and instinctive. In his way he shows a fine dignity.

The concluding story of the trio has an even more ingrained Hebraic motive. It deals with the case of a young Jew who turns his back upon his race and upon his faith. For social and ephemeral reasons he discards the rich traditions of his heritage. From his deathbed, his old father, whose name and creed the son had spurned, sends him his curse:

> May God curse you and smite you wherever you are, and put the brand of Cain on your forehead. For wherever you go, the shadow of my own self, now about to leave the deathbed, will be behind you and converse with you on the Day of Atonement, and thus until the last of your remaining days. And if you leave one place, I shall reach you in another; and still in another, and in a third one; so that torn by doubt whither to run you will remain motionless and in

(Continued on Page 28)

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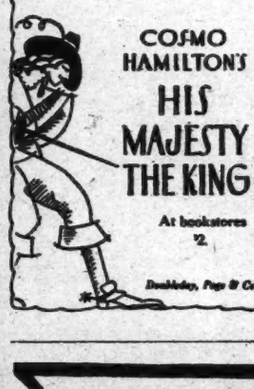

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Lutheran Advance

***CRUSADERS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A Lutheran Story in the Empire State. By the Rev. Samuel Trexler, President of the Lutheran Synod of New York and New England.* 140 pp. *New York: The Macmillan Company.* $1.50.**

By RACHEL K. McDOWELL

THE Arctic explorer who sets out to discover the North Pole, the pioneer who turns a desert waste into fields of grain, the statesman who guides his country through the maze of international diplomacy and the business man who starts with a small store and builds up a chain of stores, all have a story to tell. But when it becomes a question of telling the story of a group of churchmen who have made churches spring up in places heretofore churchless there are many people who doubt whether such a story can be interesting, whether it can grip the imagination as other real life stories do.

And yet the author of "Crusaders of the Twentieth Century," a Lutheran pastor, has solved the problem of how to tell a human story of enterprise and achievement that may well make any executive envious and that will certainly appeal to plain men and women who like a "success" story with some meaning to it.

Dr. Trexler started out in life by turning a disused Brooklyn saloon into a handsome church, and now he is President of the Lutheran Synod of New York and New England with charge of seventy-six churches. He was one of the organizers of the synod over which he now presides. He, as a churchman, has had just that experience of development through vision and initiative which in the business world would have transformed the young man from "Main Street" into a New York bank president. The only difficulty is that Dr. Trexler, working in a church instead of in a bank, would have more difficulty in persuading the so-called average man that his story and the story of his synod, which now celebrates its silver jubilee, can possibly be as interesting as that which occurs every day in the business life of America.

The proof that church work, even in this "hard-boiled" twentieth century, can be a pioneering struggle touched by romance is contained in the little volume which Dr. Trexler has written around the life of the Synod of New York and New England and his own career as a Lutheran pastor in the Empire State and as a chaplain in France during the World War.

The author begins with a chapter depicting the origin and growth of the Lutheran Church of the Messiah, Greenpoint, Brooklyn, which he founded to minister in English to children of a foreign-born people in what was then the most thickly populated industrial section of America. He and his workers scrubbed the floors of the abandoned saloon, cleaned windows, erected an altar, lectern and pulpit and converted a useless building into a church where men and women might worship. A congregation of five became a membership of six hundred during a ministry of thirteen years in the "City of Churches."

Then Dr. Trexler touched the intellectual life of the country in its most intimate and critical stages—that is, in the great universities. Opinion is divided on the much-discussed problem of religious education. Thoughtful people at the present time find themselves unable to escape it, although they are sure to have different solutions to offer. Dr. Trexler has one solution to offer—that of ministering direct to the students attending such institutions as Cornell, Syracuse, Columbia, Harvard and Yale. In his book he relates how he went among the students at these universities—in their halls and dormitories—organizing those who were Lutherans, so that they might have services of their own.

The clergyman contrasts the religious life of American students with that of European students—he spent some time at the universities of Europe by invitation of Rudolf Eucken—and concludes that religious work among university students pays big dividends in church membership.

Though these [students] congregations may not be as large as they are in normal pastorates [Dr. Trexler states], yet the potential value to the Church of each one of these trained leaders gives the work an importance that is quite beyond reckoning.

There are three chapters in the book which may be expected to make a special appeal to the layman—two on the war showing how a clergyman "reacts" to the call to arms, and one on "The Modern Pastor's Equipment" showing how he reacts to his job. As a chaplain in France Dr. Trexler made thousands of contacts; it was the largest parish he ever knew. As a pastor in America for twenty-seven years he has gained an insight into the pastoral office which he has revealed to the layman.

The pastor who can be a "hustler and a mixer" appears to be the layman's idea of a church leader; but the author of this book says that the clergyman who is pushed into every form of community activity dissipates the energy that ought to be devoted to his spiritual office. The only remedy Dr. Trexler sees is for the pastor to concentrate on his particular work just as the layman does on his.

Some surprising facts relating to the Lutheran Church in the metropolitan area of New York are given and from a historical view are among the most interesting aspects of the book. It is not generally known, for example, that there were Lutherans among the first shipload of Hollanders that landed on the Island of Manhattan in 1623. Neither is it known that for 200 years the Lutheran Church made practically no headway in New York because of "the language question, war, disloyalty of pastors, long vacancies in pastorates and theological differences, together with materialism and worldliness." All this Dr. Trexler points out, and then adds, dramatically:

> At the close of the third century of New York's life the Lutheran Church expresses herself in the metropolitan area through 451 congregations. One wonders whether anywhere in the history of the Christian Church there has been such a marvelous development.

This is not a large book; it covers but a quarter of a century in the life of the Empire State with occasional excursions to Europe; it is simply an entertainingly written book stripped of theology and devoid of all but the essential facts and figures that must go into a historical record. It is the first book; those who read it will find themselves quite prepared to read the next.

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of seasickness. But, despite his physical weakness, he proves himself to be a man, because, although his dearest desire is to double-cross Livingston, some latent instinct makes him "play the game."

After two days of tossing about the Pacific in their frail cockleshell, the men are recaptured by the crew of the Colleen Bawn and sentenced to solitary confinement below hatches. Here Livingston momentarily loses his grip on himself, whereupon Glendish, despite his proclaimed hatred of Livingston, lends his nerve-racked companion his unstinting support. By turns brutal, sardonic, sarcastic and kindly, he stands doggedly to the task of brother-keeping, giving Sidney free rein when he wants to talk and lashing him alive with abuse and taunts when the sullen fits come on.

Later, believing himself wounded unto death, Glendish confesses to his successful rival in love:

> In the old days I did hate you; I made myself hate you and tried my level best to do you up. When Philippa told me of her engagement, I said I'd be the dog in the manger, and I have been—a dirty dog. * * * I've been little and mean and vindictive, and I'd like to die a few inches the bigger man, if that's possible.

What follows it would be unfair to disclose.

Mr. Carruthers, who knows the inside of railroading thoroughly, also has a knack for plumbing the deeps of the masculine character. Sidney Livingston, Mark Glendish and Captain Lamb are real men. But when he tries to analyze feminine psychology he is less successful. Philippa Goodwin is but a shadow girl who makes a brief appearance at the beginning of the story, to drop out of it completely until the last chapter. The result is that the reader gets his mental picture of her entirely through the eyes of the two men to whom she means everything.

SWIFT-MOVING MELODRAMA

***TREASURE ROYAL.* By William Garrett. 285 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.**

IN "Treasure Royal" William Garrett presents a swift-moving, melodramatic tale of a search for buried treasure. The author well combines mystery, romance and adventure in a story of two men and a girl fighting an international crime syndicate. Although the story is centred around a search for the treasure, much interest is added by an obbligato of incidental murder, abduction and counterfeiting plots.

Guy Fenton, a young English newspaper man, proposes to Polly Carlyle, and is told first to achieve a success in life before he could marry her. He goes to America and returns in eight years with a tidy fortune, only to find that Polly has joined the suffrage movement and would not consider marriage.

Disappointed in love, Fenton resolves to squander his money in as little time as possible. James Drew, an American detective, proposes that Fenton join him as a free-lance war correspondent on the Balkan battlefield. He agrees, but insists on having one more extravagant night at a cabaret. Unusual happenings at the cabaret cause him to come across the murdered body of Francis Freeland, an antiquary and authority on rare books. He also comes across notes belonging to Freeland that refer to a buried treasure of an ancient Scotch King.

With the professional aid of Drew and his love for Marion, the murdered man's niece, Fenton resolves to locate the treasure and bring the murderer to justice.

An international crime syndicate, headed by a master-mind crook named Miltimore, joins in the search for the treasure. The notes in Fenton's possession refer to a page in a rare book that Miltimore stole from Freeland on the night of the murder. Without each other, both the notes and the book were worthless, but together would lead to the location of the treasure. Miltimore, in the assumed rôle of an English gentleman, invites Fenton to his suburban estate, where he tries to negotiate for his notes. Likewise, Fenton tries to get the book from Miltimore. During the night he steals it and is pursued, caught and rescued by the timely appearance of Drew.

Fenton possessed the book long enough to grasp the key to the treasure, and there was nothing left to do but to go and get it, which he does. Of course, Miltimore and his confederates place obstacles in his way, but are foiled in the end by Fenton and Drew. Marion is abducted on Miltimore's yacht and is rescued by Fenton. The latter wins Marion's heart and Drew becomes a war correspondent after all.

The reader of mystery and adventure books will be familiar with the situations in this book. To those who like tense, melodramatic action, "Treasure Royal" will be a royal treasure, indeed.

IN THE NORTH COUNTRY

***WHEN THE FIGHT BEGINS.* By Holman Day. 320 pp. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.**

JOHN LANG, the central character of "When the Fight Begins," is a successful and well-known lawyer who has achieved prominence through a ruthless disregard for the rights of others whom he has bluntly pushed aside to grasp what he desires. At the story's opening Lang is a candidate for the Mayoralty of the large Western city in which he lives. He is also engaged to Reba Donworth, a beautiful and accomplished girl possessing a "distinguished ancestry, all noble qualities of self-reliance, and not a silly notion in her."

Lang is very much shocked and indignant when Reba informs him that she wishes to break her engagement with him in order to marry Skiddy Trask, the gay and irresponsible young nephew of Serenus Skidmore Trask, baron of vast timberlands and Lang's biggest client. The lawyer's chagrin arises not so much from the fact that Reba wishes to be free of him, as from the insult she offers him in selecting so inconsequential a person as Skiddy Trask to succeed him. Selfishly, therefore, he refuses to let her have her way, and puts his opponent out of the way by means which, while they are effective, speak little for the lawyer's sense of fair play.

Lang causes Skiddy to be sent into the North country under guard, there to be married off to the homely heiress of the adjoining timberlands, over which the greedy timber baron wishes to gain control. After months of privation in the North country Skiddy comes back raving. He threatens to kill the newly married young wife of the aged timber baron, but is himself murdered by that scheming young woman, who has married Trask for his money and not because she loves him.

Lang now begins to feel the pricks of an uneasy conscience. He experiences an overpowering desire to go into the North woods to think out his problems in an atmosphere less charged with hypocrisy and deceit. This trip stretches into a matter of months and is dramatic and full of action. In it Lang takes the place of a fire warden on the top of Borestone Mountain, is blinded and barely escapes with his life in a giant conflagration during which a whole forest goes up in flames, regains his eyesight with the aid of a girl, Mavis Duncan's tender care, and finds final salvation following a walking pilgrimage to the shrine of Sainte Anne at Beaupre.

Mr. Day, like so many popular writers, portrays his "good" characters as almost without a flaw, and depicts his villains as utterly bad.

BLOOD AND THUNDER

***FUVE IN THE DOCK.* By Marcel Allain. Translated and edited by A. R. Allinson. 337 pp. Philadelphia: The David McKay Company. $2.**

THIS book is not, of course, intended to be taken seriously. Nor does it, like so many of the detective novels of the day, take itself seriously. It is nothing more nor less than a real old-fashioned thriller concerning itself not with character analysis or love interest, but with a series of blood-and-thunder incidents that are intended to shatter the nerves of the reader.

One marvels at the audacity of the author in presenting for the reader's consideration so amazingly incredible a series of incidents, but one marvels even more at his imagination, ingenuity and resourcefulness in contriving one situation after the other throughout the book's 337 pages, which, it must be admitted, are crowded, for the most part, with action, if nothing more.

Ever mindful of his mission to keep the action fast and furious, the author tucks his tongue in his cheek

(Continued on Page 22)

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Brief Reviews

WOMAN'S DILEMMA

WOMAN'S DILEMMA. By Alice Beal Parsons. 311 pp. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

THE nineteenth century carried through a tremendous intellectual effort to win for women emancipation from a thousand and one hampering traditions and social, economic and political denials. And now the twentieth century even before that emancipation is complete is making an equally tremendous intellectual struggle to find out what can be done about it. The conviction is universal that something must be done. For the emancipation of woman in the environment of time-honored civilization is proving somewhat like the proverbial bull in a china shop. Most people who write about it agree that it was time the china was wrecked anyway and that civilization needs a new and very different lot. But they are doing no end of discussing and arguing about the form and pattern it ought to have. There are probably more books being published today about the woman problem than were being brought out thirty-five and forty years ago when the nineteenth century argument was at its most acrimonious stage. But the problem bears now a different aspect. Instead of assertion and denial of woman's right to political, social, economic, individual freedom the question is anxiously asked—and is answered with varying degrees of surety—What effect is all this freedom going to have on the home, the family, the rearing of children, the general economic situation, the woman herself?

The books have been many upon all phases of this twentieth century anxiety, and they increase as the years go on, twentieth century intelligence seemingly being unable to find a satisfactory answer to its questions. One highly interesting factor that is common to nearly all of them is the extent to which an author's preconceived convictions or prejudices have colored his arguments. And therefore it is not the least interesting and valuable feature of Alice Beal Parsons's "Woman's Dilemma" that its author displays such a singularly open mind and is so free from preconceived ideas, so much more concerned with discovering the truth than with proving a contention. Not often does even a scientist, when he turns to the discussion of the woman problem, show such a scientific temper and such judicial quality of mind as does Miss Parsons, who comes to her discussion not from scientific training but from much practical contact with the world. Fresh from her university course she went to a thousand-acre farm in the Northwest, which she managed with many men and women of various nationalities and grades of efficiency working under her. Later on social service work in Chicago and then newspaper work in New York increased her contacts with the world and added to her training. Judged by its frank, direct, lucid, judicial qualities, her discussion has profited much by her varied training in practical life. She treats the problem not as a theoretical affair but as a practical matter of the gravest practical consequence to the men and women of today and tomorrow.

In the first section Miss Parsons takes up the question of whether or not there are fundamental differences between men and women that must affect the economic status of women and, if so, how great and of how much consequence they are. Here she is upon ground that has been under discussion for half a century or more, but when she comes to the second part of her book, which considers whether or not the home is endangered by the growing custom of wife and mother engaging in outside work, the problem is a much newer one and one of much greater consequence. Here she comes to the conclusion that the home must be reorganized and modernized in accordance with the tendencies of present-day civilization, and that thus modified and made over it will offer no obstacle to the desire of the home-maker and housekeeper who wants to engage in outside work. Perhaps the most important argument that she deduces from her studies is that, since an industrial age has taken out of the home and into factories almost all of the work whereby women formerly did their share in the support of the home and the family, they can now give assistance in that duty only by themselves going outside the home to work. Unless they do so, she argues, the burden consequently thrown upon the father of the family is so great that he cannot carry it. Whereby has appeared the problem in modern economics known as "the dependent family." Attempts to solve that problem are being made in Australasia and in several countries in Europe, while in the United States there has been temporary dabbling with it. Miss Parsons thinks that a reorganization of the home that would so release the wife and mother that she could work outside on equal conditions would be more helpful in its solution than any other method yet tried, and would also be more wholesome in every way for the woman herself.

Miss Parsons has written a stimulating and valuable book on one of the gravest social problems of the time. She has read widely on all its phases, but she has also thought with engaging independence and clearness on all that she has read, and she is not in the least overawed by reputations. When she quotes an authority who has argued this or that or another thesis in connection with any phase of woman's status, Havelock Ellis, Dr. Bousfield, Mrs. Gilman, or any one of a dozen others, she subjects the statement to a searching analysis, and unless it proves to be based on truth—and she often finds it to be nothing but personal prejudice or preference—she says so and casts it aside. Although one may not agree with all of the author's conclusions one cannot fail to commend her methods and to feel that her book is like an invigorating breeze blowing through questions that have grown a bit muggy from too much prejudice in their discussion.

ANTHONY OF PADUA

SAINT ANTHONY OF PADUA. According to His Contemporaries. By Ernest Gilliat-Smith. Frontispiece. 223 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.

IF the yellow press had been invented in the thirteenth century it would have had a lurid and effective time at Padua when St. Anthony died, in June, 1231. In the previous Summer he had gone to the cloister of St. Mary, in Padua, and had spent the Winter there writing sermons. During Lent and afterward in the Spring of 1231 he preached every day in the churches of Padua and in the surrounding country and everywhere the people flocked to hear him, in churches as long as these were large enough, then in great open spaces in the city and finally in the big fields outside the city walls. The author of this book thus describes the results of his ministry:

> The people who flocked to hear St. Anthony were not all Paduans. Some were from neighboring towns, or from the villages and hamlets around, some from distant parts of the Province, some even from Germany. They were of all classes and every trade—lawyers, merchants, money lenders, professional thieves of every kind and of both sexes, frivolous women in shoals who put off their finery and their jewels and arrayed themselves in sad garments, like nuns. They crowded around St. Anthony, and those that were able to touch but the hem of his tunic were happy, for they thought it would bring them luck, and some of them that were bolder brought scissors and when they could snipped off little pieces of his habit, which they kept as relics. And in the end he was forced to have a bodyguard of stalwart youths to protect him.

Afterward St. Anthony, whom one is thus enabled to envisage as a thirteenth century Billy Sunday, visited Verona and then retired to a hermitage on the outskirts of the forest of Camposampiero, where he built a little cell in the leafy top of a huge chestnut tree and there worked for some weeks, studying the Scriptures and writing. Feeling ill one day in June, he started to return to St. Mary's, but died on the way in the chaplains' house of a community of Poor Clares, in Capo di Ponte, a suburb of Padua, where, he had taken refuge in his last extremity. In those days the corpse of a saint was a rare and beneficent treasure. And consequently there ensued such a quarrel between the Poor Clares and the Franciscans of St. Mary's as to which should have St. An-

(Continued on Following Page)

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from Preceding Page)

thony's body for burial as would have been the delight of yellow press men, if civilization had yet evolved them. The suburb of Capo di Ponte rallied to the help of the Poor Clares, the people of Padua rose to assist the friars of St. Mary's, and very soon after boys running through the streets had shouted the news, "E' morto sant' Antonio," vast throngs of men and women crowded to the death chamber. In the course of the ensuing dispute for the possession of the body mobs were rampant, doors were broken and windows were smashed, the Bishop and the Governor were drawn into the quarrel, the City Council took up the matter, the canons and clergy of Padua were asked to consider it, a bridge of boats across the river separating city and suburb was destroyed by the mob. But finally the decision was in favor of the men of St. Mary's, and in their church, at the end of a week of riots, but finally with peace and harmony and spiritual fervor on the part of all, the body of St. Anthony was laid to rest.

The author of this story of the life and ministry of St. Anthony writes with deep piety and religious conviction. But this has not interfered with his appreciation of the interest to moderns of the picturesque medieval temperament with its naïve credulity and its dramatic fervors. He has gone for all his facts to contemporary and immediately following accounts of St. Anthony's life, which he has studied from the viewpoint of the historical investigator, endeavoring to get together what seems likely to have been true out of much material that is more or less suspect. His book makes some interesting pictures of the time.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

LIFE AND WORK: The Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work Held in Stockholm, 1925. By Edward Shillito. *104 pp. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.40.*

THE Eucharistic Congress just held in Chicago by one great branch of the Christian faith makes especially timely this little book, which reports, describes and discusses the conference held last August at Stockholm by delegates from all over the world of the other great branch of that faith. Mr. Shillito in "Life and Work" does for that conference a service similar to that which he did in "Christian Citizenship" for its predecessor, the British Conference at Birmingham in 1924. The work of the 1925 conference was, however, of broader scope and more significance, since it was of international character and its conferees came from every country of Europe, from many parts of the American Continent and from Asia, thirty-seven nations being represented. The Roman Catholic Church had been invited to participate and Mr. Shillito says that the conference "desired nothing more than that the door should be kept open to the Roman Church whenever it should feel that it could share in this endeavor not to redefine the faith but to apply it."

Throughout his account he makes clear this practical purpose of the conference, to bring the Christian faith to bear on the interpretation of life, the solution of its problems and the inspiration and guidance of its work. Among the subjects to which it devoted its attention were the relation of Christianity to economics and industry and what should be the viewpoint and action of Christians with regard to their problems; what should be done concerning various social and moral problems; concerning the world-wide movement against alcohol—a question on which four positions were taken and expounded; concerning world security against war; how to foster the development and education of an international conscience. Mr. Shillito makes a survey of all that was done and of the significance of the conference and its work that is written with eloquence and deep Christian conviction.

A HAND BOOK

SCIENTIFIC PALMISTRY. By Noel Jaquin. Preface by Major Edward Ferris. Diagrams by Norman W. Grigg. Illustrated. *228 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $2.50.*

MR. JAQUIN endeavors in this book to strip away from what he insists is the science of palmistry the superstitions and futilities that have shrouded it and to show that it does afford a scientific means of increasing our knowledge of ourselves and adding to the sum of human efficiency and happiness. He is ruthless in his treatment of many of the beliefs concerning palmistry which have been held heretofore, hesitating not at all to describe as "foolish," "puerile," "stupid," "sheer foolishness," many claims by practitioners of palmistry as to what they could read in the hand and many expectations on the part of those who hoped by this means to get information concerning the future. Mr. Jaquin brushes aside as worthless all so-called revelations of the hand that have not been imprinted there by the physical constitution, mental endowments, character, mental and physical habits of its owner. But all these things, he insists, influence the form of the hand and the contour and lines of its inner surface. He is equally sure that these causes, working along inevitable lines, produce inevitable results and that the exposition of the way they work and of the results they produce is entitled to be considered an exact science. He shows how any one conversant with the laws of this science can interpret those results and throw a flood of illumination upon the character, temperament, endowments, physical condition, probable life course of the owner of the hand which he studies. Several of the chapters are devoted to an exposition of the use which can be made of palmistry as an aid in medical diagnosis. The author is commendably modest in this discussion, claiming for his "palmistic diagnosis" only the ability to reveal fundamental causes of illness, and this, so far, only in certain kinds of disease. But he is very earnest in his plea for consideration of the valuable aid which, he believes, it might give to medicine and he thinks that it would be particularly worth while in establishing the existence of insanity and epilepsy and in revealing the presence of consumption, anemia, digestive troubles and several other ailments.

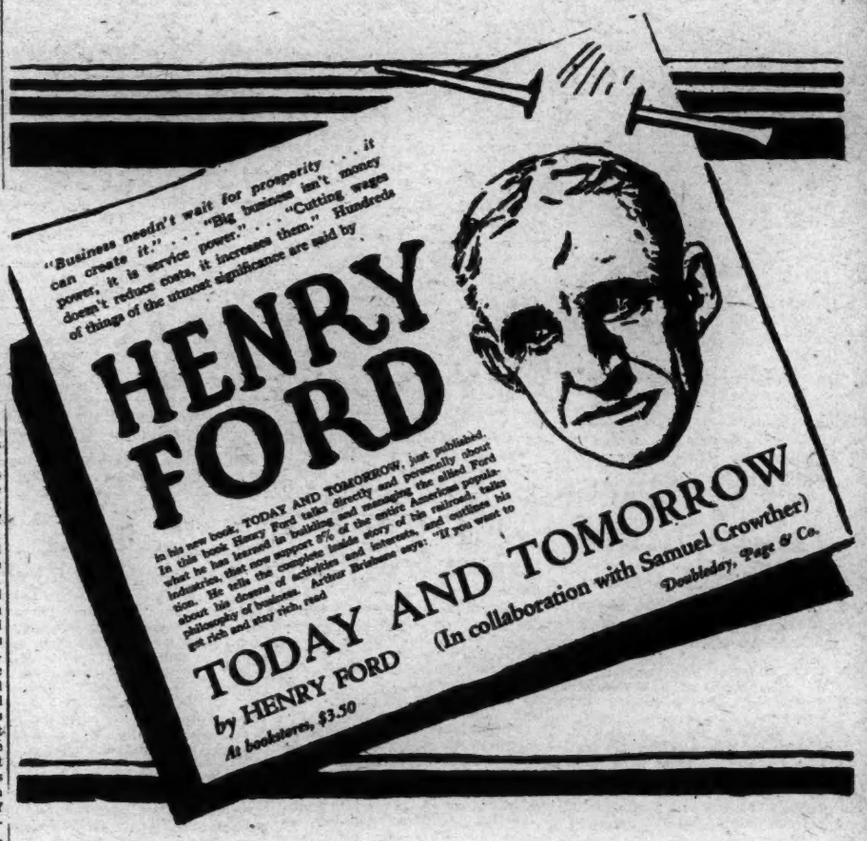
Mr. Jaquin writes seriously, earnestly and quite cogently, but his English is bad and his punctuation worse. The illustrations include reproductions of impressions of the hands of several famous people.

AMERICAN SHRINES

HOMES OF FAMOUS AMERICANS. By Chesla C. Sherlock. Illustrated. *311 pp. Vol. I. Des Moines, Iowa: Meredith Publications.* $3.

IT IS evident that much work went into the preparation of those twenty-four sketches of famous Americans against the background of their homes. Leading all the rest is, of course, Mount Vernon, that mecca of all good Americans, while the Hermitage, home of Andrew Jackson, follows it. The Springfield home of Abraham Lincoln, Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson; Hardscrabble, the log cabin home which Ulysses S. Grant built near St. Louis in 1854, the only home he ever had until after he retired from the Presidency; Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis; Arlington, the home of Robert E. Lee; Ashland, the home of Henry Clay, and the home of General Zachary Taylor are among those that are described and pictured. But there is a great variety among the subjects, for others that are considered are the homes of Emerson, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell and Hawthorne, Thoreau's retreat on Walden Pond; Carlyle House at Alexandria, the house in which Betsy Ross made the first American flag; William Penn's house, the house at Duxbury, where John and Priscilla Alden lived in their old age; Paul Revere's home, the boyhood home in Long Island of John Howard Payne, the house near Bardstown, Ky., where Stephen C. Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home" and others.

Mr. Sherlock has visited every one of the places he writes about and has studied the lives of the men and women who lived in these famous homes. In his narrative he endeavors to bring out the salient points of character of each subject and by their illumination to explain the achievements that have gained the admiration and gratitude of their own and later generations. Account of the home itself, of its inward and outward aspect, its surroundings, its influence upon the character of the subject and its importance as an expression of character is woven deftly into each narrative.



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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 19)

and proceeds to brew a thriller that lives up to all of the traditions of the old melodramas. In this respect considerable license must be granted him.

The story concerns the campaign of Jerome Fandor, a journalist, and Juve of the Criminal Investigation Department against Fantômas, arch criminal of the Paris underworld. On one hand we have Fandor and Juve, representatives of law and order, with a splendid band of helpers, and on the other hand, in opposition, Fantômas and as perfect a gang of cut-throats as has appeared in recent fiction.

Fandor and Juve, having just rescued Josette de Vautreuil from the hands of Fantômas, are eager once again to match wits with the criminal. They haven't long to wait. As they are leaving Josette's dwelling Fandor stumbles over the cover of a sewer. It is, incidentally, through one of these openings that Fantômas has made his escape. Suddenly realizing that subterranean passages are excellent conductors of sound, the journalist throws himself on the ground and placing his ear to the slot in the middle of the sewer cover overhears Fantômas instructing his men to meet at the Admiral's the next night.

Then things begin to happen. A treasure chart disappears from under the very nose of Juve, and the trail leads to two parties concerned, Fantômas and the police, through sundry streets in Paris and its environs, where, in kiosks, underworld dives and mysterious houses, Juve manages to pick up clues concerning the missing document. After it has been revealed that the chart is false and that its owner is none other than Fantômas masquerading as an antiquary, the story relates the efforts of Fandor and Juve to capture the criminal. By way of divertissement there is a torture or two and numerous impersonations, captures and escapes. At every turn the viciousness of Fantômas and his followers is matched by the wit and bravery of Fandor and Juve, and in the end neither side is victorious, as a temporary truce is effected by having the criminal escape in a balloon.

A KISS IN THE COURT ROOM

MADAME JUDAS. By Margaret Turnbull. 304 pp. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company. $2.

"MADAME JUDAS" is one of the most satisfying of recent mystery stories; its action is compressed within the span of a murder trial and its climax is a kiss in the court room that presumably will send a slayer to the gallows.

Its locale is a small town in Pennsylvania, sketched in skillfully between the lines of rapid action, and its characters are drawn so sharply that they give the illusion of reality. It is a detective story, as to general classification, but the stereotyped sleuth with all his familiar paraphernalia of clues and deductions is conspicuously absent. Three persons, widely differing in character and united by varying motives in their desire to find the identity of the person who murdered the town's beloved doctor are responsible in the tale for solving that mystery and for clearing the defendant.

Dr. Charles Fairlie has been poisoned and Gilbert Eliot, his associate in medical practice and one of his oldest friends, is on trial as the slayer. It looks bad for Eliot, since Laura Fairlie, the doctor's beautiful wife, is one of the witnesses for the prosecution, and the whole town knows how the young defendant has lost his head for the love of her.

One young woman in the town, Eve Hamilton, likewise a friend of the slain man, a gentlewoman of means and culture, is convinced of Eliot's innocence, and it is she who brings in a famous lawyer, Andrew Dickerson, as counsel for the defense.

Dickerson is trying his best to solve the murder mystery in the midst of the trial, but he is hampered by a strange unwillingness of the defendant to tell him all the truth of what happened in the Fairlie home in the two days preceding the doctor's death. Miss Hamilton, also, though she is passionately interested in clearing Eliot, is perceived by the lawyer to be hiding some bit of evidence which might be useful to him in ascertaining the truth of the affair.

The trial proceeds with all the swift drama which skilled reporters write into their accounts of similar doings in real life to swell the circulation of their newspapers. The closest approach to the typical detective appears in the person of Juliet Jackson, a friend whose aid Miss Hamilton has sought because of her repute in solving other mysteries of the kind. Mrs. Jackson is a newspaper woman—a star reporter—and acts like one. That the author chooses to give her the nickname of "The Female Ferret" is not Mrs. Jackson's fault, but merely a slip in authorship whereby the illusion of the story's reality vanishes momentarily from time to time. "The Ferret," as a widely known nickname for a newspaper woman may be vivid fiction, but it is too studied, literary and alliterative to smack of the catch-as-catch-can lives of the actual news chasers. Of course this slip doesn't matter much.

Mrs. Jackson, acting much as star reporters might act; Andrew Dickerson, acting quite star-lawyer-like and Eve Hamilton, a pleasing and personable young gentlewoman, solve the mystery of who killed Dr. Fairlie, free the innocent, tear the mask from the guilty and achieve their own deserved rewards. This is as romance should be, as life is sometimes—and is very interesting.

LOVE, GOLD, &c.

CHILD OF THE NORTH. By Ridgwell Cullum. 348 pp. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

IN "Child of the North," a tale of love, gold, vengeance and other popular ingredients, Mr. Cullum has contrived another of those thrilling stories of the Curwood country north of Athabasca. He has burnished up the stock characters and set them to performing stereotyped rôles in a conventional plot. Not once do any of his figures emerge from the shadows of the North Woods to walk in the full light of reality.

There is the gold-mad prospector, the true-hearted daughter, the villainous pastor of the Dogrib mission, the faithful friend. * * * Names such as Storm River and Wolf Rock dot the narrative. * * * But let us retail the plot and criticise by inference.

"Crasy Charlie" Burton contracted an incurable fever for gold soon after being graduated from college. He took his young and uncomplaining wife north with him. She gave birth to a daughter, Jocelyn, and died somewhat later. Charlie dresses the daughter like a boy, and raises her on masculine ideas. Enter Bill Bradford, an admirer of Charlie, a Government survey man, who brings young Joe, as Jocelyn is called, plenty of candy on his trips north. Bill is henceforward known as the Candy Man.

Charlie makes a strike one Summer, and totes $5,000 in dust back to Wolf Rock to settle with the trader, red-haired Peter Swayne, for numerous grubstakes. Pete's wife lets a bit of the dust out of the bag in front of the Dogrib missionary, James Garnet. Cupidity promptly exceeds piety in Garnet's makeup. Seeking the counsel of Luhik, a Dogrib, Garnet is advised with the meaningful word, "Fa-mik-ia."

So Charlie is caught in the woods one dark night, and subjected to the tortures of Fa-mik-ia. His ears are cut into ruffles. His toes are painfully removed. One eye is put out. He is further mutilated, but through it all he maintains an absolute silence. The Dogribs give up and stake their victim out in the forest to die ignominiously. Meanwhile, the Candy Man chances upon the locale of Charlie's mine. The true friend resolves on silence. Coming south, he finds Charlie gibbering in the woods, verging on insanity. A little rye fixes Charlie for the moment, and Bill hears the tale of Garnet's deep-dyed villainy. Then Charlie goes mad for eight or ten years. Little Joe and her guardian, Hootch Dan, hearing not a word from Charlie, decide he has been drowned and hurry south to live with Charlie's sister and brother-in-law.

Time passes. Bradford, having acquired stupendous wealth from Charlie's mine, buys up the most influential papers in Canada for reasons of his own. More time passes. Jocelyn grows up. She lives near Bill Bradford and wonders if he can be the Candy Man of her northern "boyhood." When Bradford goes East to a press convention, Jocelyn persuades her adopted mother, Charlie's sister, to take her East also. There she sees Bradford and is convinced of his identity. At the con-

(Continued on Page 35)

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Current Magazines

ALL one needs for a real old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration is a pack of firecrackers, a brass band and a copy of the July Vanity Fair with its patriotic cover on which the American eagle proudly spreads its wings above a silhouette portrait of George Washington. Inside are several full-page portraits of stage celebrities masquerading as early American patriots. Lynn Fontanne makes a charming "First Lady of the Land," but Alfred Lunt, who poses with her, is not quite so successful as George Washington. He lacks, somehow, the dignified and majestic mien which we have learned to associate with the Father of Our Country. Perhaps Mr. Lunt has been reading some of the modern iconoclastic historians who would have us believe that George was not such a much after all. As for us, we prefer the George Washington of the school histories, especially on the Fourth of July. The Independence Day spirit pervades the literary contents of the magazine also "Hello, Big Boy," by Sherwood Anderson, is "An Inquiry Into American's Progress During One Hundred and Fifty Years." Mr. Anderson thinks we are mighty lucky to live in such a grand and glorious country, but that we do not deserve any particular credit for it. That may be true enough, but it should not be said right out in public. How are you going to make patriots out of people if you do not let them pat themselves on the back occasionally? Walter Prichard Eaton writes on "Our Colonial Ancestors," whom he finds to have been a rather decent lot, even if some of them did drink rum. Robert C. Benchley pictures "Paul Revere's Ride" as it might have been described by a go-getter salesman of that day. Milt Gross relates "An Antidote From de Bustun Tippotty"; Corey Ford writes on "The Day We Celebrate and How," and George S. Chappell meditates on "The Great and Glorious Fourth." Edmund Pearson considers "The Boston Massacre," giving an account of the trial of the British soldiers who participated in it. Other articles dealing with the past, but not directly with Independence Day, are "Way Up Town," by Heywood Broun; "New York a Century and a Half Ago," by Robert Finster, and "Early American Pugilism," by Jim Tully. In his article, "Master Minds of Censorship," George Jean Nathan gives a formidable list of plays presented in New York during the past season, all of which deal frankly with illicit sex relations and none of which have been interfered with, though some less offensive ones have been closed. Rather more than a third of the plays produced during the season, according to Mr. Nathan, have been of that character.

"Startling" is the adjective applied by the editor of the Cosmopolitan to the views of Mr. H. G. Wells on "Marriage," as expressed in his article so entitled in the July number of the magazine. And the adjective fits. If Mr. Wells does not have some extremely scathing sermons aimed at his head for that article we miss our guess. The Christian marriage, according to Mr. Wells, is an outworn institution. It no longer fits the need of our time. It was all very well in the days when woman's place was in the home and there was plenty of work to keep her busy, and when child-bearing was still in vogue, but now that housework is done by machinery and children are born only when wanted, the old fashioned marriage is an anachronism. That is the gist of Mr. Wells's argument. But what are we to do about it? Let Mr. Wells tell you. He is speaking of the modern woman.

Change has robbed her of her normal employments just as it has released her and her man from the sense of sin. There she is.

What is she to do with herself—with herself and her immensely empty afternoons? What are we to do with her? Why not make boys of these women and break up these mere empty shells and shams of suburban households? Let them live in flats and chambers and have their men come and go until they find a proper mate and a task they can share with him. Let them be educated and trained as well as their brothers and put to research and business and productive work. Let them cease to regard their sex—not as a marketable commodity, but as a negotiable right for which they may secure a comfortable living.

Other features of this issue of the Cosmopolitan are "What G. B. S. Thought When Drowning," by Robert Lorraine; "Announcing Their Engagement," by Charles Dana Gibson; "What Happens in Real Life to Abie's Irish Rose," by Marcus Eli Ravage; "I Wrote 3,000 Songs Before My First Hit," by Harry von Tilzer; "A Little Scheme of My Own," by George Ade; "I'd Like My Daughter in This Orphan Asylum," by Rheta Childe Dorr; "In the Garden of Eden," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Those Who Will Try to Be Marion Talleys," by O. O. McIntyre; and "We Hunt in Summer Snows," by Kermit Roosevelt. The first instalment of a new serial "The Necklace of Marie Antoinette," heads the fiction menu, and there are instalments of three other serials, "Dark Dawn," by Martha Ostenso; "Wolf's Clothing," by Arthur Somers Rochei, and "The Understanding Heart," by Peter B. Kyne. The short stories are by Edna Ferber, Owen Wister, Irvin S. Cobb, Dixie Willson, Royal Brown, Sewell Ford, Kathleen Norris, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, H. G. Witwer, Hugh Walpole, Ernest Poole and Wallace Smith.

In the July issue of the magazine Poland is an article on "The Father of Joseph Conrad," from which we glean a few facts concerning the parentage of the novelist.

Apollo Korzeniowski was born in Honoratka in Ukraine. He was the son of Theodor Korzeniowski, who in 1900 fought in the Polish army under Prince Poniatowski and took part in Napoleon's expedition to Moscow in 1812. * * *

After finishing the high school in Zytomierz, Apollo went to the university in Petersburg. He finally settled in Lucsynce, a small town in Podolia, where he seems to have possessed some land. Here he looked after his estate and wrote, but only for himself. He produced many beautiful lyrics as well as dramatic works, and translated a great deal, Victor Hugo being his favorite author. The greater part of these fine translations were later published by Bibljoteka Warszawaka. * * *

In 1856 Apollo Korzeniowski married Evelina Bobrowska, granddaughter of Michal Bobrowski, who perished during the Confederation of Bar, and sister of Stefan, one of the foremost participants in the insurrection of 1863. Evelina was not only a person "of great charm and of angelic goodness," but also a woman of rare intelligence, penetrated with a fervid patriotism.

A year later, in Terechowa, near Berdyczow, the wife of Korzeniowski gave birth to a son, who received the name of Joseph Conrad—Conrad being the name of two heroes of the poems of Mickiewics, Poland's greatest poet, and Joseph that of two contemporary novelists, one the great-uncle of Conrad, the other Kraszewski.

In the same issue of Poland we find "A Mysterious Visit," an episode from "Thaddeus the Nameless," a novel by Joseph Korzeniowski, the great-uncle of Joseph Conrad; "Kosciuszko's Contribution to the United States," by Professor Stephen P. Mizwa; "The Significance of the Kosciuszko Foundation," by Dr. Henry N. MacCracken; "The Port of Danzig," by Alfred Siebeneichen; "The Railroad Equipment Industry in Poland," by Henryk Suchanka; "Monthly History of the Polish Republic," and various other articles of interest to students of Polish affairs.

Thought, a Quarterly of the Sciences and Letters, makes its first appearance with the June number. The announcement states that:

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(Continued on Page 28)

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Fifty Outstanding Novels

(Continued from Page 8)

tion seems to have been vouchsafed. As though to make the unrelieved gloom denser, no pains were taken to endow Abner Teeftallow, its protagonist, with any quality that marked him out from his mates. He is erotic, superstitious and self-righteous by turns, and only blunders through to his final happiness at the expense of the one man who has dared to set his face against the malignity of the herd. Mr. Stribling's scathing novel was too much in line with current metropolitan feeling where the South is concerned not to be a popular success; but a novel which, without sacrificing truth to idealism, managed to convey a very different impression was Stanley Gimsted's reminiscent novel of South Carolina in the eighties, "At Top of Tobin." Told (or very likely recalled) of a transient day when the first meagre ray of culture was beginning to pierce fastnesses in which the eighteenth century lingered like fog in a valley, "At Top of Tobin" was not only a historical document of the first order, but incidentally presented in Mollie McApperson a heroine of the authentic and heroic line of good women.

The war continued to cast its reflection upon fiction here and there, though its main harvest is being reaped elsewhere in the field of personal recollections and impressions. The most important and the most tragic war novel comes from England with C. E. Montague's name upon its title-page. Pretty evidently a debt long overdue to "justice in the field" by the author of "Disenchantment," "Rough Justice" tells the story of a young man, gently born, college-bred and full of the sort of vaporous charm which life generally mistreats, who enlists in a fit of enthusiasm, fails to stand the rough and tumble of war and is shot through the head by a brutal Provost Major for a "crime" that any humane tribunal would have met with hospitalization. The glamour of poor Victor Nevin's lotus days at Oxford before the terrible first of August also suffuses the first chapters of "Hounds of Spring," an immensely popular novel by Sylvia Thompson, author of "A Lady in Green Gloves" a year ago. "Sometimes one didn't know—realize properly, quite how beautiful and transitory it all was," says Colin Russell of his varsity years. Miss Thompson's book, a study of the post-war woman's let-down in ideals after bereavement has done its worst with her, was a creditable piece of work, but marred by the flippancy and small beer characteristic of so much later English work. It also resorted, for the unraveling of its plot, to the forlorn and outmoded device of long letters. Among American novels which deal with the war the most arresting seemed William Faulkner's sarcastically named "Soldier's Pay," an interesting treatment of a theme that does not appear to have been attempted hitherto. A disfigured flying-man returns to a love that cannot rise to the heights of his own sacrifice, and friends who understand the tragedy join their efforts to insure that he may die unconscious of the betrayal.

Not war but the entire imperialistic theory that makes wars is assailed in "The Village in the Jungle," a reissued novel that appeared in the inauspicious month of July, 1914. Leonard Woolf, himself a Ceylon civil servant, registers his misgivings over the entire theory of European rule, which makes the colonial government an unknowing accomplice in a native terrible tragedy of injustice and oppression. "Not letting people alone is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the crime and trouble," is Mr. Woolf's conclusion. In "Black Valley," a very remarkable first novel, Raymond Weaver echoes the doubt from the angle of missionary enterprise. Mr. Weaver is no lover of the Bible in Eastern lands, and much of his distaste is put into the mouth of a young graduate who is an evangelist's son and who returns to Japan from college in America to a new view of the futility of his father's efforts and to a tragic love affair with one of the daughters of the land. Sarah Gertrude Millin follows the unquestioned success of "God's Stepchildren" last year by another novel of South African life, into which the problem of native subjection, however, hardly enters. "Mary Glenn" is a satire upon the snobbery that runs rife in colonial society where "home" spells England even to the third generation of the country-born, and a shrewd blow at the "inferiority complex" which is dying hard in places nearer home than the Cape of Good Hope.

The need, indeed, for a reassertion of American intellectual independence seems to have been the inspiration of more than one of the past half year's novels. In "Glass Houses," Eleanor Gizycka, despite her exotic name, deplores, or, as headliners might say, flays, the desire to spare foreign susceptibilities common in Washington diplomatic circles. "The American who wants to please is not really an American," says the Countess Gizycka, right out in meetin', „Americans abroad are no less on the mind of Mr. Brand Whitlock, who in a rather disappointing novel entitled "Uprooted" takes a vulgar and impressionable little Western war-worker from one disillusionment to another in Paris and on the Riviera, to leave her safely in the arms of a sturdy American lover who demands to know "what they have got over there that can touch Park Avenue and Pershing Square." More sophisticated is Mr. L. P. Hartley, who, in his "Simonetta Perkins," retails with considerable verve the efforts of a prim but romantic little Boston spinster to create romance for herself on the Adriatic, with a songful and curly-headed gondolier as assistant. And most happily inspired of all is Esther Forbes, who, at the safe distance of sixty years, when all American travelers to Europe, from Boston at any rate, were "distinguished travelers," follows the odyssey of one of the crinolined Olympians of Beacon Hill through circles in which George Eliot, the Brownings and Tennyson were luminaries.

"Ave Roma Immortalis!" The city on the seven hills, beloved of Marion Crawford, Henry James, Percy Lubbock and how many others, shows no sign of dying out from fictional consciousness. It is more or less present through a fine novel by Maurice Baring with the pretty title "Cat's Cradle," which throws the light of an intimate and rather special knowledge upon sixty years of Catholic life in Britain, beginning with the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850, and upon the cross-currents that derive from the conjuncture of a common faith and an alien blood in marriage. Much more sensationally treated, Rome is the locale. Romans, by birth or adoption, the actors, in a remarkable first novel by Thornton Niven Wilder—"The Cabala." The Cabala is a little Sanhedrin of reactionaries and obscurantists of ancient blood, unblemished piety and tempestuous passions, who make the proclamation of divine right of kings as an article of faith by a Vatican council their goal, but who, meantime, as a French writer might phrase it, "amuse themselves not badly." The peripatetics of this strangely assorted group of legitimists, who go to pieces in a welter of revolver shots, suicides and reprehensible "affairs," is recounted by a young New Englander who becomes their confidant, and Mr. Wilder, with a good deal of the late John Oliver Hobbes's flair for the very finest of fine society, has caught quite a little of the grace of her strange style, "frivolously serious and morosely gay."

Year by year new stars are reported in the formidable galaxy of English women writers who are making the novel as "belles-lettres" their occupation. Two of first magnitude swam into our ken since the new year. Sylvia Townsend Warne's "Lolly Willowes" was a middle-aged spinster with a wild heart who broke from a hidebound and purse-proud family to find the men and women of Chaucer's day, with elemental spirits of wood and water, awaiting her in a lonely village among the Chiltern hills. Miss Warne's implications are none the less poignant ones for woman because her tale is told with an exquisite poise that recalled Jane Austen at her best. The anonymously written "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" somehow missed wide popularity. Perhaps its theme, which is the uglification of life as cities spread over the English countryside, was a little alien to American experience. The unspoiled beauty of rural England, the very home of the Shropshire lad, retrospectively viewed at a distance of fifty years, was the scene of "Precious Bane." Mary Webb chronicles an England that is vanishing before men's eyes and with a speed that the war has accelerated. The changing social order of which it is the outward symbol inspired Naomi Royde-Smith's "The Housemaid." The theory that looks less strange the closer one regards it is advanced that conventions hug the lower orders most closely and that the carelessness of the upper strata is due to cult of family and disregard of its individual members.

Few novels of pure adventure with any distinction at all appeared. Invaded by realism on the one side, by fantasy on the other, and with the ethics of the screen an abiding temptation, the instrument that Stevenson brought to perfection emits a cracked and discordant note. Two novels of adventure written by poets stand out. In the oddly named "Odtaa" (One Damned Thing After Another). Mr. John Masefield intensifies the insouciance always to be found in his prose work. No effort at all is made to bring perturbed Santa Barbara into the realm of credibility, and the reader must make the best of the many prose passages of lyrical force and fervor strung along the incredible narrative. Almost the same criticism must be passed on "Spanish Bayonet." Stephen Vincent Benét, also an accredited poet, discovered a tragic and squalid theme and enriched it with much poetic imagery. But even his acquaintance with eighteenth century minutiae in dress and manners leaves the apparatus of the Castle of Oyranto in eighteenth century Florida an incredible device. In "Riders of the Wind," Elswyth Thane follows the footsteps of Jean d'Esme, of "The Red Gods," in a wild hunt for a wonder-working mantle up in the Pamirs, and F. Tennyson Jones, a descendant of the great Poet Laureate, continues what, one supposes, will be called, indefinitely, the "Conrad tradition" with a romance of Australian waters in the days of the clipper ship.

Concerning the historical novel, the strange paradox might be advanced that verisimilitude and actuality increase with the distance its period is placed from our own day. Of three prominent examples, "Cloud Cuckoo Land," a tragedy of divided allegiance in the days of the Peloponnesian Wars, overcomes the resistance of the past far more effectively than either "The Fourth Queen," a romance of the closing years of good Queen Bess, by Isabel Patterson, or "The Great Valley," a fine novel in which Miss Mary Johnston piously continues the annals of her native Virginia, with "young Mr. Washington" as a leading figure. Failing any knowledge of how the Greeks of Lysander's day may have talked, Miss Hutchison hits on the happy expedient of making them act and converse like human beings. The result is a reconstitution, startling in its vividness, of the days when the Mediterranean was the core of the world.

Novels that resist all classification are the fantasies of James Branch Cabell and of D. H. Lawrence, in his later mood. Those who had acquired a relish for the Poictesme legend found Mr. Cabell's invention and flair for ironic hyperbole as fresh as in far "Jurgen" days. "The Silver Stallion" records the legend of Dom Manuel, erstwhile scourge of Poictesme, who disappears in a dubious cloud of sanctity to become the centre of a myth incubated by a diabolic Horvendile. A map of Mr. Cabell's mental playground, showing roads, towns and county boundaries, came with the new book. Sadism grows with the author of "Husbands and Sons." "The Plumed Serpent" is a glorification of "the male principle" in Cipriano, one of two Mexicans of Indian blood, who seek the "saving" of Mexico from Christianity and its restoration to the good old cult of Quetzalcoatl and purification by blood.

Among a handful of heterogenous novels that made extravaganza their vehicle, four stand out by reason of the deftness with which the perilous medium was handled. In Ronald Fraser's "Landscape with Figures" the device was used, not for the first time, of conveying a handful of modern sophisticates upon an ornate junk, served by obsequious stewards in pigtails, to an old China, miraculously preserved from the Western devil. In "Count Bruga" versatile Ben Hecht evoked a preposterous but entertaining poseur, "as insensitive as a hang-

(Continued on Following Page)

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Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 23)

vention is Julian Vastella, née James Garnet, who had spread the report of his own death throughout the north when he failed to learn the whereabouts of Charlie's mine. Vastella occupies one of the seats of the mighty as Minister of the Interior.

Bradford goes west again to Calford to publish the story of Charlie's mine, carefully avoiding any reference to location. Months go by. Vastella consumed by curiosity, obeys the "psychological law that the evil-doer must visit the scene of his crime," and writes for details.

"A-ha!" murmurs Bradford, who tells Vastella he has withheld certain facts to prevent the horrors attendant upon a gold rush. Nevertheless, he offers to conduct the minister to the spot. Vastella accepts.

Jocelyn, by the bye, has fallen in love with her Candy Man, although she has been troubled with fears that he may have usurped her dad's gold.

All go north. At the mine Bradford confronts Vastella with the shadow of Burton, and declares that Vastella, being James Garnet, shall suffer the excruciations of Fa-mi-lia. Dogribs appear. Vastella pales. But Jocelyn, who has remained in the background during the trip, is glimpsed by her mad father, who has lived in the north under the care of Ohek, a former servant of Bradford, all this time. Crazy Charlie Burton promptly recovers his reason. Jocelyn then inveigles Bradford into foregoing his torture of Garnet, believing that to forgive is best of all. The last page is left in undisputed possession of Joe and her Candy Man. Fade-out.

Mr. Cullum overlooks one bet: Garnet does not try to abduct Jocelyn at any stage of the narrative.

A FRONTIER RELIQUE

THE GOLDEN SQUAW. By Will W. Whalen. 236 pp. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. $1.75.

WILL W. WHALEN'S novel, "The Golden Squaw," is built upon a historic happening that stresses once again the fact that truth is stranger than fiction. The book relates the strange story of Mary Jemison, that sixteen-year-old Scotch-Irish girl who, in 1758, on the very day of her wedding was stolen by a roving hostile band of Seneca Indians from her father's home in Buchanan Valley, Adams County, Pa.

This fascinating feminine figure of the pioneer days of Colonial America lived a more exciting adventure than any that could have been devised by the most fertile-brained of writers. Mr. Whalen, in weaving together the colorful strands of those authentic events, needs hardly any fanciful embroidery of his own to embellish the tapestry, for the story is so good in itself that even the simple, rather homely literary style in which it is clothed cannot blur the picturesqueness of the incidents depicted.

In the narrative, as happened in real life, the Senecas make prisoners of the entire Jemison family—father, mother, their three sons and two daughters. For two days they drive their captives through brier and marshland. Then, when they approach the Indian camp, the red-skins scalp and murder all except Mary, whose golden-haired beauty softens the heart of the chieftain, Black Coals.

Mary is adopted by the tribe and given the name of Dickewamis, which means "Pretty Girl." In the months of the ensuing year Black Coals and his relatives learn to love and revere Dickewamis. She quickly masters their tongue and manages to instil something of her quick Irish wit into their ornate, picturesque language. Later the young Delaware brave, Sheninjee, on a visit to the Senecas, falls in love with Mary Jemison and finally wins her for his wife. A son is born to them—a blond baby with his mother's blue eyes and the promise of his father's strength and towering figure. Dickewamis, refusing to give the child an Indian name, calls him Thomas Jemison, after her own father.

Two years afterward Mary becomes a widow, and in time takes as her second husband the powerful sixty-two-year-old chief, Hiokatoo. She bears him two sons—John, swarthy like his father, and Jesse, who has his mother's red-gold hair. Grown to manhood, John, jealous of his fairer brothers, kills first Tom and then stabs Jesse to death. Despite her grief and sorrows, Mary Jemison never loses her sweetness of nature nor her kindliness and charity to all men. In her old age, cheated out of her lands and herds, she finally drifts back to the white settlements, where she makes a meagre living peddling a paper-covered booklet containing the story of her life written by herself.

Mary died at the age of 92, still retaining traces of her early beauty. And today there stands in Letchworth Park, outside Buffalo, N. Y., a bronze statue of the woman into whose life were crowded so much of horror, renunciation, real love of her fellowman and a true affection for the race which, although it robbed her of all her girlhood held dear, proved that it knew the meaning of love and loyalty toward the white girl whom it had adopted into its outwardly stolid heart.

Fifty Outstanding Novels

(Continued from Preceding Page)

man, as vain as a monkey and as absurd as Sindbad," and used him for many keen epigrams on the sophisticated writers of the moment. "Topper," a first novel by Thorne Smith, was no less an authentic creation. Cosmo Topper's headlong adventures, away from suburban respectability, in a re-made car haunted by the restless ghost of speed-law-breaking Marion Kerby, gave Mr. Smith an opportunity for comment on the latter-day scene that was always merry, wise and human. "Girl or Boy," also a first novel, by John North, with its avatar of prim David Crum into Marcus Faithful, discoverer and patentee of sex-determination, enforces afresh the acid lesson that cabotinism is the road to success.

Collections of short stories gathered up the fugitive work of many skilled hands. Ring Lardner's "Love Nest" intensifies the doubt as to whether the creator of the "busher" should be considered America's leading humorist, satirist or social prophet. In any case, no defense dullness or cruelty can erect is proof against the armor-piercing quality of Mr. Lardner's wit. Not all the Americana Mr. Mencken has collected in three years equal, as an exposure of malignancy in dark mental places, the effectiveness of the "Barber's Chair." Never has the façade which hides the sort of domesticity that money buys on the open market ever been stripped aside more ruthlessly than in the story that gives the present collection its title. "Two or Three Graces," by Aldous Huxley, reveals the author of "Antic Hay" in a new mood of sobriety and responsibility and is remarkable for an intensive study of "bores" that reaches recesses of social discomfort hitherto untouched. Perhaps the kindest thing that can be said about Mr. Scott Fitzgerald's "All the Sad Young Men" is that it leaves its author's possibilities as the writer of some great American novel to come in statu quo. "The Rich Boy" throws no new light on the futility of wealth in heedless hands. With "Absolution," a story whose disturbing power drives it clear beyond anything the popular and lucky young writer has attempted, Mr. Scott's respects, one feels sure, are being paid to a nauseating memory of religion misapplied. "Here and Beyond," by Edith Wharton, proved, on the whole, disappointing. Mrs. Wharton is at her best in some tale that depends for its effectiveness on a tincture of the eerie, and we are given this in "The Young Gentlemen" and "Bewitched." The other tales were such as do not lie beyond the compass of any trained story-teller with a plot and a working system. "Urkey Island" is a sheaf of good stories, generally in tragic vein, written by Wilbur Daniel Steele, who has made the strange, grim folk of Marblehead and the Cape his own. "The Whole Story," by Princess Bibesco, covers a brilliant series of studies of the stoicism behind which post-war disillusionment takes refuge, and in "East of Mansion House" Thomas Burke again ransacks the purlieus of Limehouse for plots, hair-raising or pathetic, but does not go beyond the "mud and lilies" formula which made his fame. Perhaps there was no good and sufficient reason why he should.

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"They all three have speckled breasts," said Mary.

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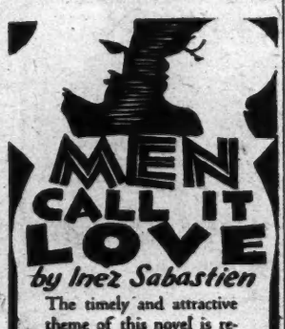
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Books and Authors

IT is over a hundred years since the Misses Jane and Anne Taylor wrote "Meddlesome Matty and Other Poems for Infant Minds," an intensely serious volume of verse pointing out the ideals for which all good children should strive. With the idea, no doubt, of uplifting the younger generation of our day, the Viking Press will bring out a new edition of this book in August. It will have an introduction by Edith Sitwell and fifty sketches in four colors by Wyndham Payne. The moral and literary quality of the verse may be judged from the following sample:

'Tis better to have a sweet smile on one's face
Than to wear a fine frock with an elegant lace;
For the good-natured girl is loved best in the main,
If her dress is but decent, though ever so plain.

About the middle of July the Adelphi Company will bring out a new and enlarged edition of Jeannette Marks's "Genius and Disaster," first published last year. Another book on the same subject, to be published a month later, is "Revaluations: New Studies in Genius," by Arthur C. Jacobson. Among the authors considered are Richard Le Gallienne, Eugene O'Neill and Katherine Mansfield.

The author of "Plain Tales of the North," a late June publication of G. P. Putnam's Sons, is Captain Thierry Mallet, President of Revillon Frères. He has been connected with the fur business most of his life, has lived in the outlying trading stations and has known intimately the trappers and Indian guides of the North. Some of the stories in his book were told to him by old-timers, and others are his own actual experiences. The book is illustrated with line drawings by Alfred Nelson Simpkin.

Dodd, Mead & Co., will bring out in the near future a new edition of an early mystery story, "Hand and Ring," by Anna Katherine Green, the author of "The Leavenworth Case," &c.

Barry Benefield, author of "The Chicken-Wagon Family" and of a volume of short stories, "Short Turns," which the Century Company will publish in August, is a former member of the staff of THE NEW YORK TIMES. He came to this paper shortly after his graduation from the University of Texas and remained several years. Until recently he was on the editorial staff of the Century Company. "Daughters of Joy" one of the stories in "Short Turns," was printed in the Smart Set about fifteen years ago and is said to have shocked the readers of that magazine at a time when its prevailing tone was more pink than purple.

John G. Neihardt, Nebraska's Poet Laureate, has been made an honorary companion of The Order of Indian Wars of Washington, D. C., in recognition of his poem, "The Song of the Indian Wars," published last year by the Macmillan Company. The Order of Indian Wars is composed of Army officers who fought in our wars with the Indians. Mr. Neihardt was also appointed a member of the National Committee of the Custer Memorial Association to assist in the arrangements for the recent semi-centennial celebration of Custer's last battle on the Little Big Horn.

Book collectors will be interested in the forthcoming publication by Little, Brown & Co. in association with Ernest Benn of London of "Maioli, Canevari and Others," by G. B. Hobson, M. V. O. This is a monograph on early book-binding. It will contain sixty illustrations, of which six will be in color. The edition for America is limited to 300 copies, and the price will be approximately $20.

Virgil Markham, the author of "The Scamp," just published by the Macmillan Company, is the son of Edwin Markham, the poet. He has been out of college only a few years and in that time has traveled in Europe and taught in California.

Minton, Balch & Co. have taken over the publication of "Snowshoe Al's Bed Time Stories for Grown-Up Guys," by Albert J. Bromley.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

FICTION.

"The Lord of Labraz." Pio Baroja. (Alfred A. Knopf.)
"The Secret Deed." J. Cleft-Adams. (Robert M. McBride & Co.)
"Walls of Glass." Larry Barretto. (Little, Brown & Co.)
"Not-Afraid." Dane Coolidge. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)
"Summer Bachelors." Warner Fabian. (Boni & Liveright.)
"Page Mr. Tutt." Arthur Train. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

NON-FICTION.

"Apostate." Forrest Reid. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
"Home Life Under the Stuarts." Elizabeth Godfrey. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)
"Collected Poems." John G. Neihardt. (Macmillan Company.)
"Caravans of Commerce." Isaac F. Marcosson. (Harper & Bros.)
"The Meditations of a Profane Man." "H." (Henry Holt & Co.)
"Soldiers of the Plains." P. E. Byrne. (Minton, Balch & Co.)

This is a collection of humorous skits, many of which have appeared in R. H. L.'s daily column in the Chicago Tribune. The book was originally published at the beginning of April by The Contributor's Guild in Chicago. In two months it sold 15,000 copies and the demand increased so rapidly that the Guild felt unable to cope with the problem of national distribution.

The book publishers of America have formed a National Committee headed by C. Colton Daughaday to aid in the work of erecting a national press shrine to be placed in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York. The shrine will take the form of a chapel opening from the side of the great nave or central aisle and will rise 115 feet from the floor to roof. Stained glass windows will record some of the activities of the press and its part in the progress of civilization, and somewhere in the scheme of decoration an appropriate place may be found for the names of those outstanding figures who have added lustre to the profession. The cost of erecting and equipping the chapel will be from $150,000 to $225,000.

Fundamentalism, apparently, is not confined to the United States. The Freethought Publishing Company has been notified by the Department of Customs and Excise of the Canadian Government that the importation into Canada of "The Bible Unmasked," by Joseph Lewis, has been prohibited. This should afford a splendid opportunity for bootleggers who operate from Canada to become bookleggers on the return trip.

Two new titles will be added in July to the "Rogue's Bookshelf," published by Greenberg. "The Road," by Jack London, will have an introduction by Glen Mullin, and De-foe's "Moll Flanders" will have one by G. H. Maynadier. Later in the Fall "Hajji Baba," by James Moier; "A Rogue's Life," by Wilkie Collins, and "Barry Lyndon," by Thackeray, will be added to the series.

G. R. Putnam's Sons are planning to reissue Olin D. Wheeler's "The Trail of Lewis and Clark, 1804-1806." The book was first published in 1904 and has been out of print for some time. It is in steady demand from educational institutions and libraries.

William Dana Orcutt of the Plimpton Press, designer of the Humanistic type, is preparing a book, "In Quest of the Perfect Book: Reminiscences and Reflections of a Bookman." It will be published in the Fall by Little, Brown & Co. Besides the regular edition there will be a large paper edition, limited to 365 copies.

The annual New Leader-Chatterbox poetry contest has been won by Miss Margery Swett Mansfield, who receives the $100 prize for her poem "The Mountain Dwellers." The judges were Joseph T. Shipley, Floyd Dell and E. Ralph Cheney. Miss Mansfield was born in Chicago but now lives in New York. She has been engaged in newspaper work for about seven years and has contributed poems to Atlantic, The New Republic, Bookman, The Saturday Literary Review and other periodicals.

The Midland Authors and Bookfellows in Chicago recently tendered a birthday testimonial to Clara Louise Burnham. One of the speakers computed the approximate length of Mrs. Burnham's published pages and found that they would make a pathway nearly seven miles long. The speaker added that feet that trod that path would not touch one line of bitterness or evil. A new novel by Mrs. Burnham entitled "Tobey's First Case" will be published in the Fall by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

Elisabeth MacKinstry, who will be remembered for her book of poems, "Puck in Pasture," decorated by herself and published last season by Doubleday, Page & Co., is now engaged upon the illustrations for a de luxe edition for William Morris's "Ogier the Dane" for Spencer Kellogg of the Aries Press. The book will be printed on hand-made paper from type specially designed by Gowdy to harmonize with Miss MacKinstry's line. It will be handset and printed by hand on the William Morris Press, which printed the Kelmscott Bible. The edition will be limited to 250 copies at $50 a volume, but you needn't worry about that because they are all sold. Miss MacKinstry is also doing an illustrated edition of "Tales of Laughter" for the Fall list of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Hal G. Evarts, who writes novels of the Great Southwest, among them "The Painted Stallion," just published by Little, Brown & Co., has gone to Alaska for a change of climate.

If Octavus Roy Cohen does not already belong to the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, he should put in his application without delay. William Slavens McNutt, in the course of a recent trip for The Elks' Magazine, made a point of asking all sorts of people (meaning, no doubt, all sorts of Elks) to name their favorite author. The majority of them placed Octavus Roy Cohen first. There will be a new Cohen book out in the Fall, published by Little, Brown & Co.

Wide-Flung Jewry

(Continued from Page 15)

that very place the hand of God will reach you."

In the actual working out of this curse, the author gives a startling study of the workings of terror in the subconscious self. Here we find the Edgar Allan Poe manner blended with Freudian psychology. The result will send chills down the doughtiest spine. The episode where the haunting takes place in a Pullman berth is especially well handled in its implications of fright and horror. The story ends with the hint of the inevitable sequel—the corrosion of the curse on the renegade's mind. The Day of Atonement over, he felt "the coolness of the now one-day-nearer apparition." And next day "the freezing fleetness of time denuded the inavoidable spectre of insanity."

Dr. Lhevinne throughout this volume of stories writes with a vivid stroke. He knows full well the virtue and vigor of the apt simile. He makes striking use at every turn of the descriptive value of the metaphor. Thus one big wave, the forerunner of the storm, "playfully reached the railing and, serpent-like, lifted its many-headed crest and rolled over the deck." But only too soon, "waves" grumbling steeple-chased one another. And again in the final story, "The Visitor," the frenzied man pictures the mad Days of Atonement that lie ahead of him in a long, never-ending row, "like a candle flame, infinitely multiplied between two mirrors." Dr. Lhevinne uses this graphic method throughout with skill and power. Occasionally the incidents recorded are frankly unpleasant, and the author's plain-spoken method makes no bones about it. But the unsavory is never once lugged in and elaborated and stressed in the manner of the pseudo-realists. Decidedly "The Leper Ship" is a real contribution to the slowly-growing number of short stories which rank as literature.

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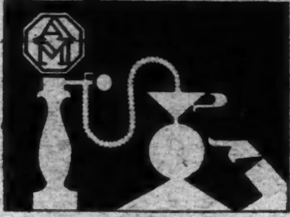

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Notes on Rare Books

THE appearance of "Book Auction Records * * * For the Auction Season (October) 1924 to (July) 1925" makes it possible to survey fully the rare book market for that period in England. There were more than 18,000 pieces sold during that year, the contents of about ninety book and a dozen color prints sales. Of these auctions the most important, as is to be expected, were held by Messrs. Sotheby & Co., and among these were the libraries of E. Gordon Duff, selections from the Royal Society Library and two Britwell Court sales.

An examination of this important reference work suggests that if the frequent barter of their books indicates popularity certain popular authors are still widely admired. Despite the competition of every author of importance, and many of lesser degree, the following writers were in conspicuous evidence: Ainsworth, Austen, Combe, Conrad, Dickens, Fielding, Hardy, Hudson, George Moore, Scott, Stevenson, Surtees, Swift, Swinburne and Thackeray.

Apparently only one good "Pickwick" was sold (by Sothebys), which brought £700, but there was no worthwhile "Vanity Fair" offered in the entire season. Not a single valuable quarto of Shakespeare found its way into the auction market, despite the fact that a 1603 "Othello" is recorded at £135. We suppose that any one in the book game could be persuaded to pay this trifling sum for an "Othello" of the first quarto "Hamlet" date. A copy of Milne's "When We Were Very Young" (limited edition) brought £21, more than a first edition of its closest literary rival in popularity, Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verse." A number of such interesting analogies are to be found throughout this record.

Such a volume as B. A. R. does give a helpful and valuable opportunity to study the market and its economic trend. There appear to be in the season recorded, however, no striking advances in the values of standard rare books, perhaps because it was not an exceptional season, as book-auction years go. There was, however, the normal and expected increase in the value of sound copies of important rare books.

Beyond this there seems to be little we may say about such a work as B. A. R. A reviewer experiences a sense of satisfaction in having to treat so eminently respectable and harmless a work. It neither inspires nor invites criticism. It has the challenging quality of a city directory and the dramatic interest of a telephone book. No one except a quid nunc, we suppose, would be inclined to disparage its format, paper, type or the color of its binding. In all these things it seems quite correct to us. It appears to have no serious omissions and no careless errors. Most dealers will be content to accept it "as is" and give themselves the comfortable assurance of having it on their shelves. This support it deserves at least from dealers and librarians. Collectors, too, should encourage a work so obviously essential. The American agent for B. A. R. is R. R. Bowker Company, 62 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

***

THE first book from the Aldine Press in which the pages are regularly numbered was the first complete edition of the "Epistles" of Pliny Secundus, 1508. This volume, a problem in typography and bibliography, has been painstakingly and elaborately dissected by Mr. G. P. Winship. The report of his research is to be found in the "separate" reprinted from the "Transaction of the Bibliographical Society (The Library)," 1926, entitled "The Aldine Pliny of 1508."

The peculiarities of this book offer some details from which interesting, though not wholly conclusive, evidence may be derived on the manner in which work was arranged in the printing establishment. Mr. Winship suggests that it is important, in any consideration of the printing practices of the half century after Gutenberg, to keep in mind two factors:

One is that labour at that time was so cheap that it was possible to do many time-consuming things which would now cost prohibitively. The other is that printing was invented because labour costs had risen so high that bookmaking by handwriting was too expensive; or else, what amounts to the same thing, because so many people had money enough to indulge themselves in the luxury of buying reading matter that the older method could not supply the demand. In other words, a master printer of 1500 did not think first of his labour cost, but he did regard labour as something to watch and economize, because it was costing more than it had formerly.

We confess ourself most impressed by the highly interesting deductions Mr. Winship makes. It reveals how highly scientific the work of a well-informed bibliographer may be, and how important are the conclusions which may be acquired through bibliographical evidence. Many editors of old texts, who should be able to do this kind of work, intricate and difficult as it is, are amazingly ignorant of even its rudiments. Consequently there are avoidable and occasionally absurd errors in their work.

Mr. Winship's assumption relating to the divisions of labor in an early sixteenth century printing establishment seem to us very tenable. The Pliny was possibly the first book which was handled in a different manner than its predecessors in Aldine's shop. It is to the matter of this innovation that Mr. Winship devotes himself. It would be an advantage to be able to consolidate the conclusions to which he comes in this column, but we cannot in this space hope to follow him through the intricacies of his bibliographical research. His brochure is recommended to the students of early typography, who will be glad to turn to any essay from the hand of Mr. Winship.

***

AN excellent and most learned article from the pen of Frederic W. Goudy is to be found in the now classic "Ars Typographica," Volume II, No. 3. This is "The Roman Alphabet, Its Origin and Esthetic Development." In this history of our most common type character its progress from its earliest sources is traced. The Latin alphabet was at first practically identical with the Greek; its eventual dominance came about through the political supremacy of Rome. The old Roman symbols reflect, too, the Roman character and energy, rough and vigorous and severely simple. There are no flourishes in it and no useless or meaningless lines.

Since the time of Christ, at least, the Roman capital has been unsurpassed among all letters for beauty and character. The Trajan Column at Rome, with its inscription cut about 114 A. D., is probably the finest of all early examples of Roman capitals still left to us.

A number of helpful illustrations add a further merit to Mr. Goudy's thoughtful and comprehensive essay, which is certainly worth the careful attention of students of typography.

In the same number of "Ars Typographica" its publisher, Douglas C. McMurtrie, contributes an account of the "First Printing in South America."

Modified Murder

(Continued from Page 1)

well-known sense of proportion, have achieved the perfect combination of boxing and fighting in their national type of the manly art.

There is not very much that is novel in these pages, unless it be the suggestion that boxers be divided into classes based not only on weight, as at present, but on natural staying power. Plausibly enough, the author suggests, we do not expect sprinters to excel also in the mile run; why not, then, let one boxer hold the six-round championship and another that of fifteen rounds? (If the same practice prevailed in baseball, our Mr. McGraw, with his noteworthy string of six-inning pitchers, could hold the six-inning world's championship forever.)

The reminiscences referred to above are aptly illustrative but rarely exciting in themselves. But when it was suggested that the work of literary preparation was done for Mr. Carpentier by another hand, it was not intended to intimate that the volume has not had his thorough inspection and full approval. If you need proof of that, consider that in the illustrative reminiscences he never gives himself the worst of it. For example, he says that "a boxer has nothing to gain by in-fighting a smaller man than himself." Of the 90,000 persons who saw a well-known American heavyweight in-fighting a smaller man than himself at Boyle's Thirty Acres on July 4, 1921, none seems to have noticed that fact except Mr. Carpentier.

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GOOD BOOKS

Forecast of Summer Reading

(Continued from Page 13)

"Essays on Religion," by A. Clutton-Brock, and "Words Ancient and Modern," by Ernest Weekley.

Alfred Edye has chosen a subject of universal interest for his book, "Mainly About Women," announced by Little, Brown & Co.

The same subject is discussed, but from a different viewpoint, by Suzanne La Follette in "Concerning Women," to be published by Albert & Charles Boni.

"Century Readings in the English Essay," edited by Louis Mann, is a collection of essays illustrating the origins and development of this form of literature. It will be issued by the Century Company.

"Famous Etchings from Dürer to Whistler," and a volume on "Constable," in the "Portfolios of Great Masters" series, are promised by Minton, Balch & Co.

"Types of Poetry," by Jacob Zeitlin and Clarissa Rinaker, and "Technique of Dramatic Art," by Hallam Bosworth, will come from the press of the Macmillan Company.

"Lay Thoughts of a Dean," by Dean Inge, deals with a variety of topics from "Tradition in Poetry" to "Nationalism and Christianity." It will be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The list of Robert M. McBride & Co. includes "Edwin Arlington Robinson," by Ben Ray Redman; "Romantic Rascals," by Charles J. Finger, and "The Science of Mind," by Ernest S. Holmes.

Two volumes of essays, "A Tuft of Comet's Hair," by F. W. Boreham, and "My Gray Gull and Other Essays," by William Valentine Kelley, are announced by the Abingdon Press.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish "The Psychology of Thought," by H. L. Hollingsworth; "From Myth to Reason," by Woodbridge Riley; "Adventures in Editing," by Charles Hanson Towne, and "Newspaper Management," by Frank Thayer.

The Adelphi Company announces "Genius: A Human Close-up," by Arthur C. Jacobson, and "The Ethical and Religious Value of the Drama," by H. Balmsforth.

"The Meditations of a Profane Man," is the title of a book by an Englishman who signs himself "H." It will be published by Henry Holt & Co.

***

POETRY will be represented on the list of the Macmillan Company by John G. Neihardt's "Collected Poems"; Sara Teasdale's "Dark of the Moon," and "Through Magic Casements," an authority of English verse compiled by George S. Carhart and Paul A. McGhee.

Leonard Bacon's "Animula Vagula" is a collection of poems expressing successive moods and emotions of a sensitive spirit. The book will bear the imprint of Harper & Bros.

"Flying Fish: A Book of Songs and Sonnets," by Grace Hazard Conkling, her first book of poems since her "Ships Log," is announced by Alfred A. Knopf.

A second volume of posthumous verse by Amy Lowell will be published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, under the title "East Wind."

From Dorrance & Co. will come "Von Lohr and Other Poems," by Alonzo Brown; "Collected Poems," by Clara Miehm, and "My Neighbors," by Herbert C. Shaw.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company will bring out "Treasury of Verse for School and Home," an anthology of British and American verse compiled by M. G. Edgar and Eric Chilman.

The Adelphi Company announces "The Close Chaplet," by Laura Riding Gottschalk, and "Cinema," by Eugene Jolas.

"Words and Music," by Sigmund Spaeth, is a book of parodies of well-known songs to be issued by Simon & Schuster.

"Humoresque," a book of poetry by Humbert Wolfe, will have the imprint of Henry Holt & Co.

Frederick H. Hitchcock will publish "Measures and Rhymes of Diverse Times," by Saidi Holt.

***

UNDER the head of Dramatic Publications we find on the list of D. Appleton & Co. "Pirtle Drums It In," by Charles Divine; "Revues," by Kenyon Nicholson; "Plays for Strolling Players," by Frank Shay; "One of the Family," by Kenneth Webb, and "Kings in Nomania," by Percival Wilde.

Brentano's will publish a series of "Pantomimes for the Children's Theatre," by M. A. Jagendorf.

The George H. Doran Company offers "The Wisdom Tooth," by Marc Connelly, and "In a Garden," by Philip Barry.

"Suicide, and Other One-Act Comedies," by Conrad Seiler, is announced by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"Dramatic Sequels," by St. John Hankin, to be published by Minton, Balch & Co., is described as a series of harum-scarum skits of sequels to twelve famous plays, including "Hamlet," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The School for Scandal," &c.

There remain some books which seem to fit into none of the classifications given above. Two of them are publications of the Marshall Jones Company, "Finno-Ugric Mythology," by Uno Holmberg, and "The Evolution of the Horse," by Frederick B. Loomis.

Another is "Religion in the Making. Lowell Lectures, 1926," by Alfred North Whitehead, which will be published by the Macmillan Company.

"The Book Nobody Knows," by Bruce Barton, announced by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is a companion volume to "The Man Nobody Knows," by the same author.

"Cross-Word Puzzle Book, Sixth Series," by Buranelli, Hartswick & Petherbridge, is just another one of those things. Like its predecessor, it will be published by Simon & Schuster.

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" by Dallas Lore Sharp, is a nature book, and "The Romance of the Comets," by Mary Proctor, is popular astronomy. Both are on the list of Harper & Brothers.

Regarding Ethel Barriman's "Romantic I Call It," announced by Boni & Liveright, we know nothing but the title. It sounds as though it might be humor.

Ford Madox Ford's "A Mirror to France" is not precisely a travel book, though the classification might have been stretched to admit it. It is an intimate view of the country, of its homes, its cookery and its people. Albert & Charles Boni are the publishers.

"Style Book for Writers and Editors," by C. O. Sylvester Mawson, to be published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, is a desk book for literary workers.

Nicholas Roerich's "Himalaya" is both a travel book and an art book, for it contains the artist's own impressions of his travels in Tibet, appreciations of his work by various writers, and over a hundred reproductions of his paintings. Brentano's will publish it. Another Brentano book of interest to artists is "The Elements of Dynamic Symmetry," by Jay Hambidge.

"Birth Control and the States: A Plea and a Forecast," by C. P. Blacker, is sufficiently described by its title. It will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Who Killed Cock Robin?

(Continued from Page 5)

invasion of Belgium, giving him a reason which would command popular support of the war, was a veritable godsend.

There is less that is novel in Professor Barnes's treatment of our own share in the war. Primarily, he thinks, our financial and industrial leaders forced us into the conflict because they had already invested so heavily upon the allied side. Had they invested on the German side they would have "been as flagrantly pro-German as they were pro-English and pro-French in 1915, 1916 and 1917." Obviously, this is opinion, not history. It is not susceptible of documentary proof.

Mr. Wilson appears in the narrative as a man torn between his innate pacifism and his stubborn pro-English sympathies. Had he stood firmly for the neutral rights which were denied by the English blockading policy there would, thinks Mr. Barnes, "have been no necessity in Germany for a submarine campaign which came to be demanded by a large part of a desperate and hungry population." Here, again, there is room for a difference of opinion. But by this time Professor Barnes is so bent upon establishing the iniquity of the allied and associated nations that he is relatively insensible to the peccadillos of the German Imperial Government.

He concedes that German policy was sometimes "foolish and ill-advised"; he points out that Poincaré himself admitted that there was no evidence to prove that Germany "had planned anything so systematic" as a general war; he sees the German naval building program as "a foolish move"; he believes that German peace terms in 1916 or 1917 would have been more moderate than those imposed by the victorious Allies and Associates in 1918 and 1919, and he insists "that the sinking of a score of ships such as the Lusitania in no way compared as an inhuman atrocity to the illegally produced British blockade of Germany, which brought disease or starvation to tens of thousands of innocent German non-combatants." Had Germany won the waf, and if she were not now the under dog, one suspects that this very mild indictment would be somewhat more severe.

And here, after all, is the animus behind this thoroughly honest, admirably generous book. Professor Barnes is hurling his rocks at the powers that be. Injustice has been done Germany; therefore there is no justice among the enemies of Germany. He is unable to see all the great powers of Europe in 1914 as pretty well tarred with the same stick, guilty in the same vain aspirations, victims of the same delusions of grandeur, all headed by men who had more power than was good for them. Europe was a powder magazine—and everybody smoked.

It is impossible, under any definition of abstract right, to justify the collection of indemnities or reparations from a country which may not have been more guilty than other countries, and from a generation which, not having reached maturity at the time, did not plan or fight the war. It is equally impossible to justify the treatment of Germany as a pariah nation. Peace will come with a sharing of the blame, a cessation of the manufacture of ill-will. Professor Barnes earnestly longs for peace. He thinks the Treaty of Versailles, as it stands, an obstacle to the realization of his dreams. Many will agree with him.

Yet, by pushing his argument so far—further, it seems, than his evidence justifies; further, at least, than is politic at this stage of the discussion—he offers not peace but a sword. He gives us not good-will but material for a new hatred.

Current Magazines

(Continued from Page 23)

discovery and ever progressive in its attitude toward the problems that vex the world at large in every age. Indeed, it is the hope of the editors that this quarterly will contribute not a little to the whole movement of learning in this country.

Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., is editor in chief, and Francis P. Le Buffe, S. J., is managing editor. The publication office is 2868 Woolworth Building, New York City. The June issue contains "The Catholic Church in the United States (1776-1926). A Sesquicentennial Essay," by Peter Guilday; "Charles Waterton," by James J. Daly; "Miguel Molinos, Spanish Quietist," by Montgomery Carmichael; "Liberal Studies and Moral Aims: A Critical Survey of Newman's Position," by Timothy Corcoran; "Angelicus," a poem, by Leonard Feeney; "George Berkeley, Irish Idealist," by Michael Mahoney; "Fine American Silver of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," by Marie T. M. Marique; "Scholastic Philosophy and American Political Theory," by Moorhouse F. X. Millar; "The Practical Hygiene of the Church," by Richard A. Muttkowski; "Christianity at Lausanne," by William H. McClellan, and book reviews.

The National Geographic Magazine for June contains 152 illustrations, including 16 pages in full color. The illustrations in color, from Autochromes Lumière by Hans Hildenbrand, accompany Colonel Fitzhugh Lee Minnegerode's article on "The Beauty of the Bavarian Alps." The other articles are "The Conquest of Mount Logan, Canada's Loftiest Peak," by H. F. Lambart, and "Through the Deserts and Jungles of Africa by Motor," by Georges-Marie Haardt.

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Queries and Answers

This department is designed to assist in the location of complete versions of poems and their sources, the names of authors, &c., which cannot be found through the usual channels of anthologies and books of reference. THE TIMES receives a great many more queries than it can publish. It endeavors, therefore, to select those of the greatest general interest. Queries should be addressed to the Editor of Queries and Answers, NEW YORK TIMES. They should be written on one side of the paper only, and must contain the name and address of the writer as evidence of good faith.

QUERIES

"Merchandise of Merit"

H. H. A.—Is it possible to locate the correct quotation credited to Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Merchandise of value or of merit must bear a price in proportion." This is not the exact wording and that is what we are anxious to secure. As stated, it is credited to Emerson, but it may be by some other author. We would be grateful if you could locate the quotation for us.

"What Is the Title"

J. T. K.—Can any reader give me some idea of either the title of the original Spanish, or the English translation, of a famous story of the Philippines of 1897 or 1898? A Spanish officer was attacked by Moros and protected his twenty-eight men and himself for one year. It is far more thrilling than Jules Verne's "Dropped from the Clouds." He and his men were finally rescued by the Americans. The book was not written, however, until around 1905 or 1906, supposedly. It was translated into English and the only copy that has been heard of has been in paper covers.

"The Stars to Reach"

F. A.—Can any one give me the exact form, the title and the author of the following verses which I saw some years ago in a religious weekly?

I long sometimes the stars to reach,
Forgetting that today we each
Are on a star.
Then let our lives be great and high
As dwellers in a living sky;
For such we are.

"The Old Wheelbarrow"

A. B. A.—Would you kindly ask your readers if they can supply an old poem which is entitled, I think, "The Old Wheelbarrow," a line of which reads, "thou are going to decay, old wheelbarrow, thy creaking rickety frame which once was stout and strong," &c.

"Hope"

H. C. G.—May I have assistance in locating the poem called "Hope," of which these lines are a part:

No race is over till the last yard's run,
No game is ever lost until it's won.
A fire is never dead
While the ashes are still red,
Nor the sun set in the skies
Until the day is done.

"Santa Claus"

F. T. F.—Can any one tell me in what book I can find the poem in which these lines occur:

Many a mile and many a year ago
There lived a wonderful, queer old man,
In a wonderful house of snow.
And every boy and girl, as Christmas time arrives,
No doubt will be very glad to know
That the old man is still alive.

"Ours Is a Nice House"

H. F.—For a long time I have searched in vain for a poem in which these lines occur: "Ours is a nice house, ours is." I wish some one would tell me where to find it.

"I Would Not Like to Be God"

R. E. R.—Who is the author of the following: "If there is a God I would not like to be Him, for the miseries of the world would break my heart."

"The Queen of the Spring"

M. D.—Would you kindly tell me by whom the following quotation was written and where it may be found?

The queen of the Spring
As she passed down the vale
Left her wings on the breeze
And her breath on the vale.

"Take Is From Me"

B. H.—All that I remember of a poem that I want very much to find are the words "take it from me." I wonder if any one can help me trace it from this fragment?

"Tom Twist"

H. M. F.—Where may I find the poem of which I quote below the first stanza:

Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow,
No boy was so nimble and strong;
He could turn ten somersets backward
And stand on his head all day long.

"After His Image"

A. E. M.—Would you try to locate for me the author and complete poem of which these lines are a part? They may be a translation from the Spanish, as the mother who penned the verse was a Castilian lady.

A man! Yet one worth knowing;
Strong with health and might.
Of perfect manhood; gifted, noble, wise.
Moving among his kind with loving eyes and helping hand.
Progressive, brave, refined,
After the image of His Maker's mind!

"Warm Southern Breezes"

O. A. W.—I think the "warm southern breezes blow gently here, good night" lines were written by S. L. Clemens on the death of his daughter, Jean, and appeared in Harper's Magazine. I wonder if any reader would tell me where to find the complete poem?

ANSWERS

"Increase of His Purpose"

MISS GRACE R. HARRINGTON, Baltimore, Md.—I enclose a copy of a letter I received from Little, Brown & Co., publishers of Mr. Hutchinson's book "One Increasing Purpose," in answer to an inquiry I made about the quotation:

God, He hath strange ways and for the increase of His purpose chooseth He strange vessels.

G. H. S., in your issue of June 6, asks for the source of his quotation, which is given in the letter as follows:

It is not surprising that you were unable to find the quotation, "God, He hath strange ways and for the increase of His purpose chooseth He strange vessels." Perhaps the following reply written by Mr. Hutchinson when the editor of The Delineator asked him the origin of that quotation might prove something: "The sole thing I can tell you of the origin of the quotation 'God, He hath strange ways,' &c., is that it was communicated to me by B. C. D., who told me that he suddenly found it in his mind." B. C. D., as you probably know, is one of the characters of the story and is said to be a humorous delineation of Hutchinson by himself.

Attention has been called by several readers to Tennyson's poem "Locksley Hall," in which appears the line (127), "Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns." The quotation Mr. Hutchinson uses in his book is not a biblical one and he does not credit any one with it.

Mr. Franklin W. Hobbs, Boston, Mass., also answered this request.

"More 'To a Skeleton'"

Ernest Brown of Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John H. Williams, Knoxville, Tenn., and Dr. William H. Vail of Newark, N. J., have been kind enough to call attention to the omission of the last stanza of "To a Skeleton," an anonymous poem, which we published in full in the columns of June 13 in answer to the request of R. E. P. (May 30). We take this opportunity of printing the fifth and missing stanza below:

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtues's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

"Jeanie's Dream"

JOSEPHINE W. BARBOT, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Enclosed are the words of "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair," by Stephen C. Foster, for which N. H. R. asked in your issue of June 6. The song is too long for publication here, but below are the first few lines. A copy has been forwarded to our correspondent:

I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair,
Borne like a vapor on the Summer air,
I see her tripping where the bright streams play,
Happy as the daisies that dance on her way,

Grove D. Curtis, New York; Mrs. E. K. Kershner, New Brighton, N. Y.; E. L. Ward, Flushing, N. Y.; Mrs. John Lang Pope, Cleveland, Ohio, and Erma H. Gore, Worcester, Mass., supplied copies of the song.

"The Haven of Nowhere"

A. E. CANNON, New Haven, Conn.—Referring to the query of H. K. in your issue of June 6 the enclosed is the poem wanted, which was cut from a magazine a number of years ago:

THE DERELICT.
By James Barnes.

Bound for the Haven of Nowhere,
Hailing from ports forgot,
Feared and hated—an outcast
Craving a resting spot.
Gleams there no light or beacon,
Looms there no friendly land;
The soul that was mine died in me
For the lack of a guiding hand.
Hopeless, I see the sunrise;
Groaning, I greet each day;
Aimless, I grope and falter
Into the beaten way.

Give me a blow in the darkness,
Sink me deep, deep in the sea;
Put me to sleep forever,
Out of this misery!
Abject, I watch my brethren
Turn from me, passing by;
Cursing me long for living!
Vainly I wish to die!
Lord of the storm and tempest,
Strike me the welcome blow,
Grant me a grave in the coral,
A rest in the sands below.

Louise C. Glevan, Bloomfield, N. J., Mrs. Sidney B. Coates, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Miss Louella D. Everett, Boston, Mass., also sent in a copy of the poem. One has been forwarded to our correspondent.

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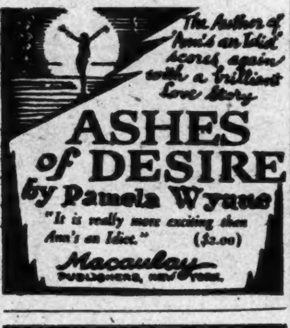

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